

The TATLER

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London, June 29, 1932

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TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM }

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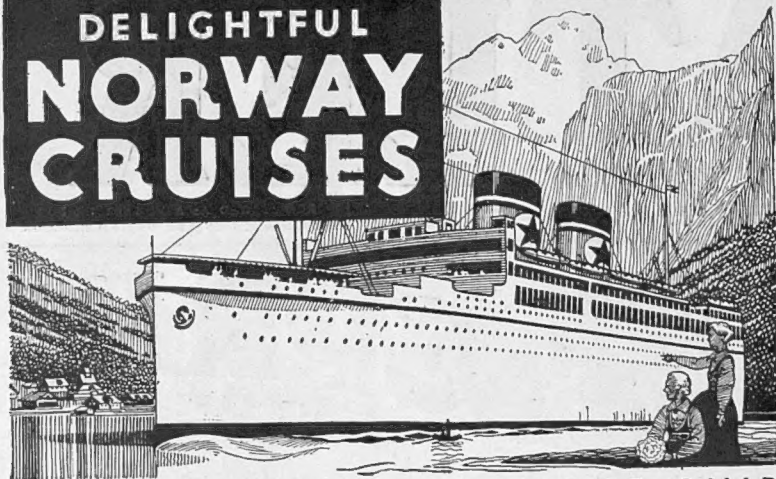
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KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

The TATTLER

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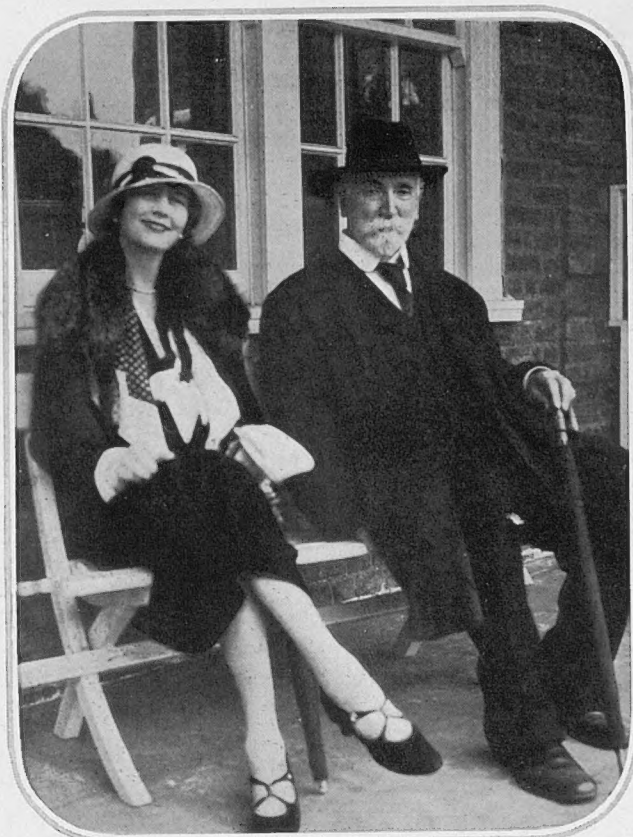
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THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

Lady Jersey was presented at the first of Their Majesties' two June Courts last week, and is here photographed in the beautiful gown which she wore. Before her marriage on January 12, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, she was Miss Patricia Richards. Lord and Lady Jersey returned quite recently from a honeymoon trip round the world



LORD AND LADY D'ABERNON AT ROEHAMPTON

Where they were watching the overseas' tournament last week. They are both very keen. Lord D'Abernon's very distinguished diplomatic career needs no mention, but he is also as famous as a breeder of blood-stock and owner

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—I know that Ascot will have been over for about ten days by the time you get this letter, but you must forgive me if I enthuse for a moment or two about the end of the most glorious meeting we have had for years—four whole days of heat and sun, plenty of winners for most of us, and the usual Black Friday turned into a day of public rejoicing. For never have I heard or seen such enthusiasm, such cheering, or such waving of hats as when the King's Limelight and our beloved Brown Jack won their races and were led with difficulty through crowds of their admirers into the unsaddling pen.

When Brown Jack took the lead even before coming into the straight I had a feeling that he knew about Steve's damaged thumb and realized how much responsibility rested on himself—like the polo pony hero of Kipling's "Maltese Cat" story, which never fails to bring a tear to my eye. Could not Mr. Kipling write a story about Brown Jack? There is plenty of material to draw from, beginning from those humble early days when he was first discovered by the little man who has ridden him in nearly all his races. And while Mr. Kipling thinks about it, I shall be heading the subscription to provide Brown Jack's self-effacing friend, Mail Fist (who only runs to make the pace), with a nice benefit race which he cannot fail to win himself.

THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN PARTY AT CHELSEA: MRS. GERALD NORTON AND HER SON CHRISTOPHER

This garden party was in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital and took place at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. In addition to the "Park hacks," one of which is in the picture above, there were conjurers, races for mothers, and many other intriguing events

I gathered several things about Ascot at this meeting. Did you know that Lord and Lady Churchill actually stay in the enclosure building itself during these four days, and that their small child has a Royal enclosure badge put on her pram? And that Lord Churchill telephones to the King punctually at seven every evening to report on the day's takings? And that there is a book of misdemeanours which is carefully kept and carefully examined when the time comes for granting applications for enclosure badges? I wonder if quite all the people who had them this year will have them next.

* * *

Windsor's after Ascot meeting is always a pleasant relaxation after the splendours of the four preceding days, and it is always crowded, for there are so many people staying within easy reach of it. But I don't think I have ever seen so many people as were there the other day. Those of us who went specially in the hopes that last year's Butt and Butters' treble might be repeated were duly rewarded. How I came to love those blue and yellow graduated hoops before the afternoon was finished!

One of the special attractions of Windsor is its enchanting paddock, where you can choose between sunshine and shade, and where even the tote has been made to look like something out of a Chinese toyshop. Walking and talking under the trees I found Lady Charles Cavendish, Mrs. Martin Smith, Mrs. Clayton, who is one of the greatest women authorities on racing, and Mrs. Kellett, who was wearing a very neat and becoming coat and skirt of palest pink. Lord and Lady Brougham were together, and



MISS KATHERINE STAMMERS

Dorothy Wilding

One of England's "young hopes," who did very well in the early rounds of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon, beating Mrs. L. A. Harper in the first and Mrs. M. Stork, a competitor from India, in the second

among others that I noticed were Mrs. Higgins, Mr. Francis Egerton, Miss Margaret Whigham, and Lord Rosebery with an I Z. tie and hat band.

We came to London on Monday prepared for a busy week. There is always something exciting about the opening of Wimbledon even though it rarely provides anything very thrilling in the way of play. And the hardy annuals among the tennis enthusiasts were nearly all in their usual places in the Committee Box—King Manoel in the seat that he has had for years, and behind him Lord D'Abernon and Lady Mar and Kellie. And other regulars included Lady Zetland and her daughter, Sir Ian Malcolm and Lady Maud Warrender, who was with Sir William Erskine, our Ambassador in Warsaw, who is over here for a visit with Lady Erskine and his two pretty daughters.

As it happened, the first day's play was more exciting than usual this time. The ball boys' new resplendency in long flannel trousers, in place of boy scout shorts, and the breakdown of the loud speaker and the electric marker, made a preliminary diversion before we settled down to serious watching. The grass must have been very slippery, for in the first match du Plaix showed us, while he was playing against Vines, that even if he cannot win lawn tennis championships, there is no better slider in the world. And Baron de Kehrling sat down more than once quite suddenly on the sward with a grace which was surprising in a man of his build. But it was when Wimbledon's idol, Borotra, lost a love set to his own pupil, Merlin, that Wimbledon rocked on its foundations, for Wimbledon without Borotra would be as impossible as the Horse Show without Lord Lonsdale. However, after Cochet's defeat next day by our own gentle-looking Collins, Wimbledon was prepared for anything.

Lord Lonsdale is, as usual, the moving spirit of the Horse Show, and to see him judging thorough-breds in the arena, standing as straight as ever and looking not a day older, gives one a really big thrill. His guests on Monday night included Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lowther, Mrs. Robin d'Er-langer, and Colonel R. Evans, who is



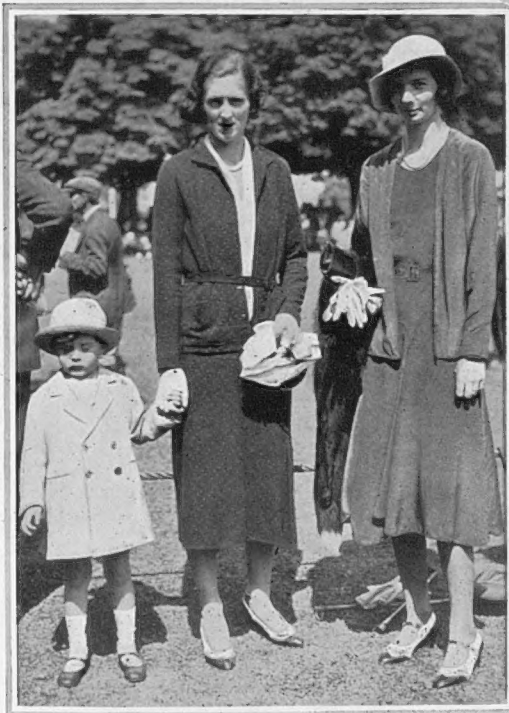
AT RANELAGH: SIR HAROLD WERNHER, MR. H. P. GUINNESS, AND MR. DESMOND MILLER

Three of the Someries House team which drew with the Gunners' Ubique team in the semi-final of the Ranelagh Open Cup. Ubique decided to scratch in view of their important engagements in the Inter-Regimental



MY HAT! WHERE'D THAT BUNNY GO?

A completely thrilled member of the conjurer's audience at the Children's Garden Party at the Duke of York's Headquarters at Chelsea last week. The conjurer was the most popular person on the premises



MISS JEAN UNDERDOWN, MRS. DUDLEY FROST, AND DAVID GILL AT RANELAGH

Watching the recent mounted sports (for ladies only). Mrs. Dudley Frost is the wife of the No. 1 of the Merchiston polo team, and David is the son of Major "Gillow" Gill and ought, therefore, to take to polo as a duck does to water

responsible for the very fine show put up by the Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, a show which should make Bertram Mills sit up and take notice! Amongst other hair-raising tricks, the Inniskillings spring from their saddles on to a trapeze and jump over a flaming hedge and a dinner-table loaded with food. The three small Shetland ponies which provide the comic relief were a riotous success, and the parade of gallant old Grand National winners brought a lump into our throats. It is altogether a wonderful show and one that no other country in the world could provide.

Lady Cranworth and Lord Woodbridge joined forces to give a ball for their respective daughters, and as theirs was the only one fixed for Monday night the house in Chesham Place was packed to suffocation even before 11 o'clock. This was the first dance at which I found red predominating the so long popular blue. Miss Nina Grenfell, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, and Miss Penelope Ward all wore red.

One of the most attractive girls I saw was Miss Doreen Gibbs, Lady Wraxall's step-daughter, who has come out this year. She is very intelligent, and she happens to be one of the best dancers in London, though she prefers country life and riding, an accomplishment at which she also excels. Two other pretty girls were Lady Anne Hope, who came with Miss Gibbs, and Miss Nina Rothschild, who had a dance of her own two nights later.

Miss Rothschild's brother, Victor Rothschild, will one day be head of the famous family. At present his chief interest lies in buying very fast cars and driving them as fast as they will go between London and Cambridge, or London and Tring. I saw him the other day in Oxford Street in a very startling looking machine; but for once he had come to a stand-still as the traffic signals were against him.

The Rothschild mansion in Piccadilly is well suited for entertaining on a large scale. It leaves an impression of huge marble halls and branched staircases and statues, vast fire-places, gigantic chandeliers and colossal mirrors. More than one guest at the dance there on Wednesday night remarked that it brought back memories of pre-War functions in Vienna and Berlin or one of the other European capitals. And the women added to the impression by wearing all their jewels. I have rarely seen such a dazzling display, and our hostess, Lady Rothschild, was wearing what must be the largest pearl necklace in the world.

(Continued overleaf)
b 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*cont.*

There were as many married people as *débutantes* and very young men at this dance. And as the latter have been talked about nearly every week since the season began, I will ignore them and mention one or two of the others. Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore looked wonderfully well in a shaded ice-blue dress with a string of pearls reaching to her waist. And those two very lovely young women, Lady Nunburnholme and Mrs. Bryan Guinness, looked their best, one in green and the other in light blue sequins. And of the others, I noticed specially Lady Rachel Stuart and Lady Hambleden.

* * *

Everyone in the world seemed to be at Lady Anne Hunloke's cocktail party on Tuesday evening. The queue of cars outside the house stretched right round the square. Inside, one was completely dazed by the number of beautiful and amusing people she had managed to gather together in a comparatively small space. One of the best-looking couples in London, Lord and Lady Stavordale, came together, she in a green and white printed dress with a dark coat. Mrs. James Corrigan and Lady Charles Cavendish were neatly coat and skirted, and one guest came in riding kit, but the majority were in light summer frocks, the aftermath of Ascot.

Mrs. Peter Thursby wore an original blue hat, shaded from light to dark, Miss Margaret Whigham was in dark blue taffeta, Mrs. Euan Wallace managed to look cooler than anyone else in the room, and Lady Stanley was faithful to black, with one of her favourite mushroom-shaped hats. I envied Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton's scarlet jacket and white skirt, and we all decided that she and Mrs. Ronnie Balfour were two of the few people we knew who could really get away with the fashionable but trying straw boater. Lady Hambleden looked nice in hers, too, and had added a small veil to it, with an intriguing brown beauty spot embroidered on it, under the eye. The men were legion—Noel Coward, Anthony Jenkinson, Sir Anthony Weldon, Fred Astaire, Mr. Sweeney, the young American golfer, Lord Herbert, and Mr. Sidney Beer. These people would have made a success of any *débutantes* dance, and it's not surprising that most of us were late for our dinner engagements in consequence!

* * *

Lady Fairhaven's musical party on Tuesday night was splendidly organized, and provided a really royal variety of entertainment! In the small music-room upstairs, Keith Falkner and Maggie Teyte enchanted the serious music lovers, whilst the strains of the London Zigeuner Orchestra floated up from the trellised roof garden below. There was a Balalaika Orchestra as well, and the beautifully lit tapestries provided interest for the non-musical! Lady Kimberley looked her best in corn-coloured paillettes with a blue velvet sable-trimmed coat, and Miss Diana Fellowes, who arrived with her fiancé, wore



LADY SEAFIELD AND MR. DEREK STUDLEY-HERBERT ON THE GRANTOWN LINKS

Grantown is on the Spey and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert and his wife, who is a peeress in her own right, are staying at Castle Grant. Lord Strathspey, Lady Seafield's uncle, is the 31st chieftain of the Clan Grant. Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, whom Lady Seafield married in 1930, used to be in the Grenadiers

orchids on a white dress and looked radiant.

The hostess, in *bois de rose*, was wearing some of the most magnificent diamonds I have ever seen, and Miss Olga Lynn, who was responsible for the musical programme, was in pale pink with clouds of tulle. I'm so glad to see that the fashion of wearing tulle round the shoulders is coming back again. Tulle is far warmer than it

looks, besides being very becoming to everyone!

* * *

Lady Lathom, Lady Lavery, and Lady Diana Cooper were early visitors at the private view of Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's very interesting pictures at the Tooth Galleries on Wednesday. Though modern in technique, they are definitely inspired by a classical feeling for balance and design. I liked his paintings of Beaulieu and one or two of the formal flower pictures, and some of the paintings done in the South of France are particularly happy, especially No. 18.

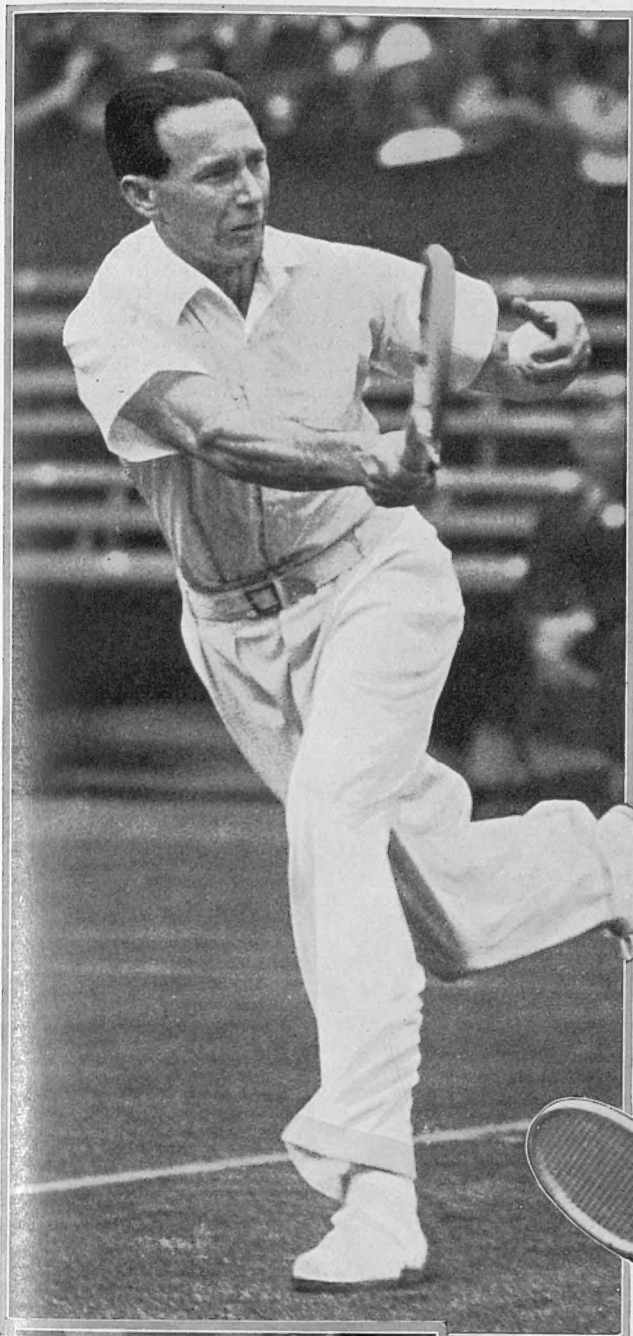
Everyone was delighted with the amusing card-board cylinders provided, for seen through them the pictures gained enormously in value. This excellent invention was Mrs. Elliott Seabrooke's contribution to a remarkably successful show. Mrs. Charles Winn, in a white hat and red and white dress worn under a black coat, was one of the best-dressed people in the room. And others to be seen were Mr. Anthony Bernard and Mrs. Cochran Baillie, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, and Lady Bridges and her daughter, Alville.—Yours ever, EVE.



AT THE HIGHLAND SHOW AT INVERNESS

The Highland Show was on all last week and was held in Bught Park. In the front row in this group are the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Portland, and the Duke of Sutherland. Dunrobin, the Duke of Sutherland's famous Highland seat, is in Sutherlandshire

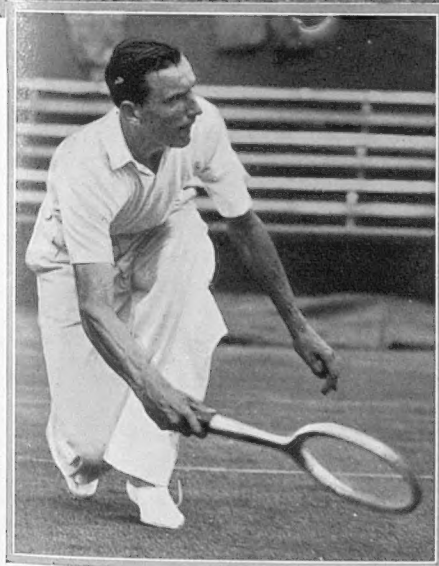
THE WILL TO WIN



BOROTRA

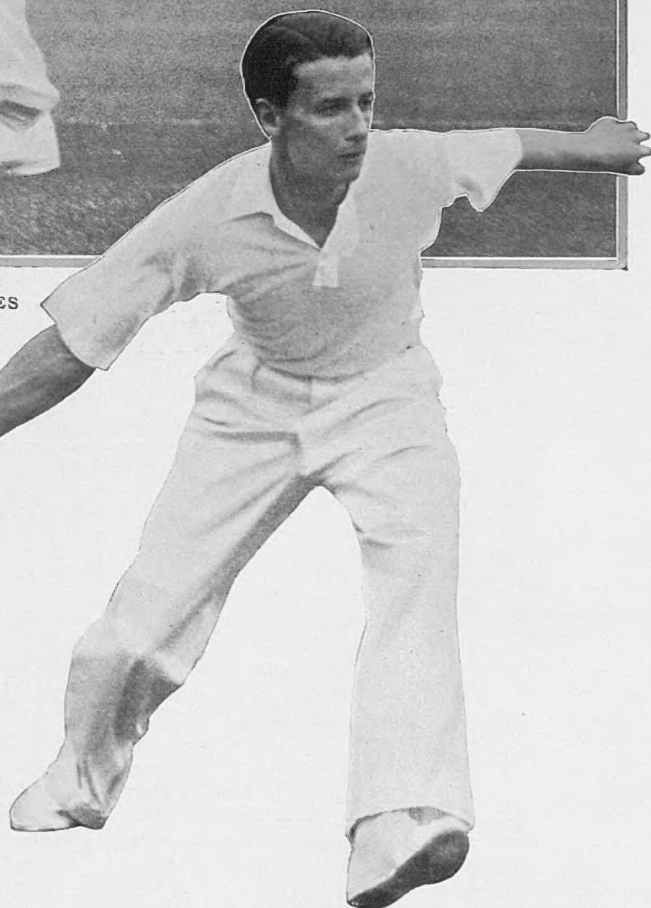


H. ELLSWORTH VINES



F. J. PERRY GETS DOWN TO IT

These photographs come straight from Wimbledon, where battles for the world's most coveted lawn tennis titles gain in intensity every day. It would be hazardous at this stage to attempt to prophesy results, but it is safe to say that any one of the quartette pictured here would be a worthy winner of the Men's Singles Championship. Jean Borotra has already held the title twice, and has done more to promote good feeling between England and France than many an official ambassador. Ellsworth Vines, the champion of U.S.A., has made many friends on his first visit to this country, and as to our own particular "giants," Perry and Austin, there are no empty seats if they are in action



"BUNNY" AUSTIN AND HIS FOREHAND DRIVE



FAIR AND COOLER

Heat-wave outfits affected by Janet Chandler, Vivian Reid, and June Vlassek at American film headquarters. These three charming young damsels are all appearing in the Fox picture, "On Parade"

I AM feeling worn out and distinctly nervous. For I have just seen *Scarface*, the film which is being shown at the Empire this week. And as I emerged from the theatre I almost expected to be greeted by a hail of machine-gun bullets from somewhere behind the railings in Leicester Square.

Scarface was inspired by gangsters in general, and by our old friend, Al Capone, in particular. And because of its close adherence to the truth, as regards actual facts and actual persons, it created something of a storm in America and could only be shown, at first, in non-censorship States. Yet it is definitely anti-gangster propaganda like all the others in this new wave of gangster films which is just starting. It sets out, not to glorify the gangster, but to show him as the public enemy and as a man who is the very meanest sort of coward when he is separated from his gun and his body-guard.

All the same I was left with a sneaking feeling of admiration for the nerves of these hoodlums who seem to talk, walk, drive, eat, and sleep in an atmosphere thick with bullets. Never has so much lead been used before in any film. There is far more lead than dialogue. That may quite possibly be the case in the world of gangsters. And the tempo of the film about equals the tempo of a machine-gun bullet.

The story follows more or less on the usual lines. Tony Camonte is a very ambitious, vain, and forceful young man. Feeling that his old boss, to whom he acts as body-guard, is getting a little old-fashioned in his ideas, he neatly murders him. And as the writ of *habeas corpus* (that salvation of all American criminals in the early stages of a film) prevents any inconvenient detention by the police, he is free to join the rival chief, Lovo, as second in command.

Tony's very persuasive methods of selling beer in the speak-easies soon make Lovo undisputed king of the beer racket on the south side. But whereas Lovo's orders are for caution and non-interference with the north, Tony has other ideas. He does interfere. And he not only escapes the swift and very deadly attempt at retaliation; he succeeds in killing both the north-side chief and his successor. You can imagine just how much lead has been used to take us so far. And there is more when Lovo decides to put an end

THE CINEMA

By LENZ

to the now too dangerous Tony, who covets both his rulership and his girl. But again Tony escapes, and one more bullet is required to put an end to Lovo, whose piteous cries for mercy fall on very deaf ears.

However, these gangsters nearly always have a curious and unexpected streak in their make-up. They may indulge in wholesale murder. They may commit every other crime. They may break their mothers' hearts without a qualm. But they are terribly particular about their sisters' morals. And it is just this squeamishness which leads to the down-fall of the triumphant Tony when he returns from his unofficial honey-moon with Lovo's ex-girl. For he returns to hear, rather vaguely, that the pretty and pleasure-loving Cesca is living with a man. And when he sees that man he shoots at sight even though it is Rinaldo, his own faithful and devoted second in command.

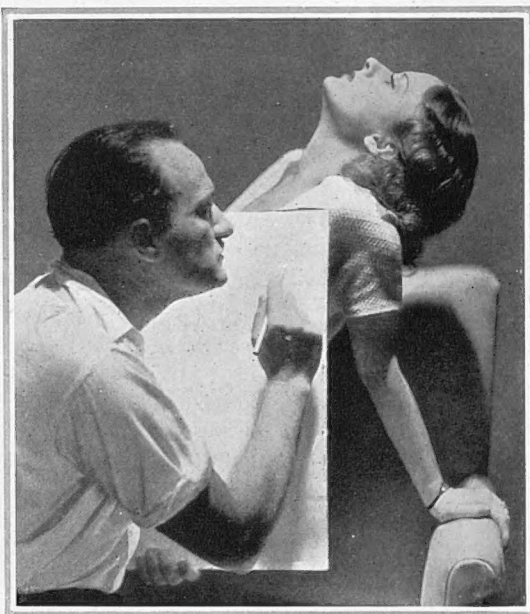
Cesca's wild cries that she and Rinaldo loved each other and were married the previous day come too late. Rinaldo is dead and Tony's spirit is at last touched and broken. Tony returns to his steel-doored, steel-shuttered apartment, while Cesca goes to inform the police, before following her brother to take vengeance on him herself. She comes to kill, but she stays to help him when half the police force of the city arrives outside the building with a battery of machine guns, searchlights, and gas bombs.

A bullet, coming through the open window, hits Cesca and fatally wounds her. But Tony is concerned less about her than about being left alone if she should die. She does die with a scornful smile at his cowardice. And after a terrific bombardment of lead, followed by a gas bomb, it is a miserable cringing wretch who gives himself up to the police. And this time it is his own piteous cries for mercy which fall on such very deaf ears.

This film is certainly thrilling. Almost a little too thrilling for the speed of the action, and the noise of those eternal bullets leave one wearied and exhausted. All the same it is a film you must not miss on any account, for Howard Hawks, who directed it, has done his job extremely well. And it was by no means an easy job to do with the thought of the censor's scissors hovering perpetually over his head. Has it struck you just how irretrievably those scissors can spoil the continuity and tempo of a film?

As for the acting I must confess that Paul Muni caused me to feel far more sympathy for the unspeakable Tony than is compatible with a strictly moral sense. This young man has had little experience in the studio, but a great deal on the stage, and he certainly gives a very fine performance. He has tremendous force and personality and he makes a very real character of this gangster, showing us all his different sides in turn: his truculence, his vanity, his ambition, his ruthlessness, his strange protective feeling for his sister, and his complete collapse to cringing nonentity when he realizes, at last, that he is beaten. And his figure, his bearing, and his flashy good looks make him very well suited, physically, to play the part.

All the other men are well cast, and I would like to give a special word of praise to George Raft, the Sphinx-like Rinaldo who betrays himself in his moments of greatest nervous strain only by the nonchalant tossing of a coin. Lovely Karen Morley is miscast, for she has too much refinement in looks and speech and manner to be altogether convincing as a gangster's moll. But Ann Dvorak, whom we saw recently in *The Crowd Roars*, takes another step towards star ranking by her performance as Tony's sister, Cesca.



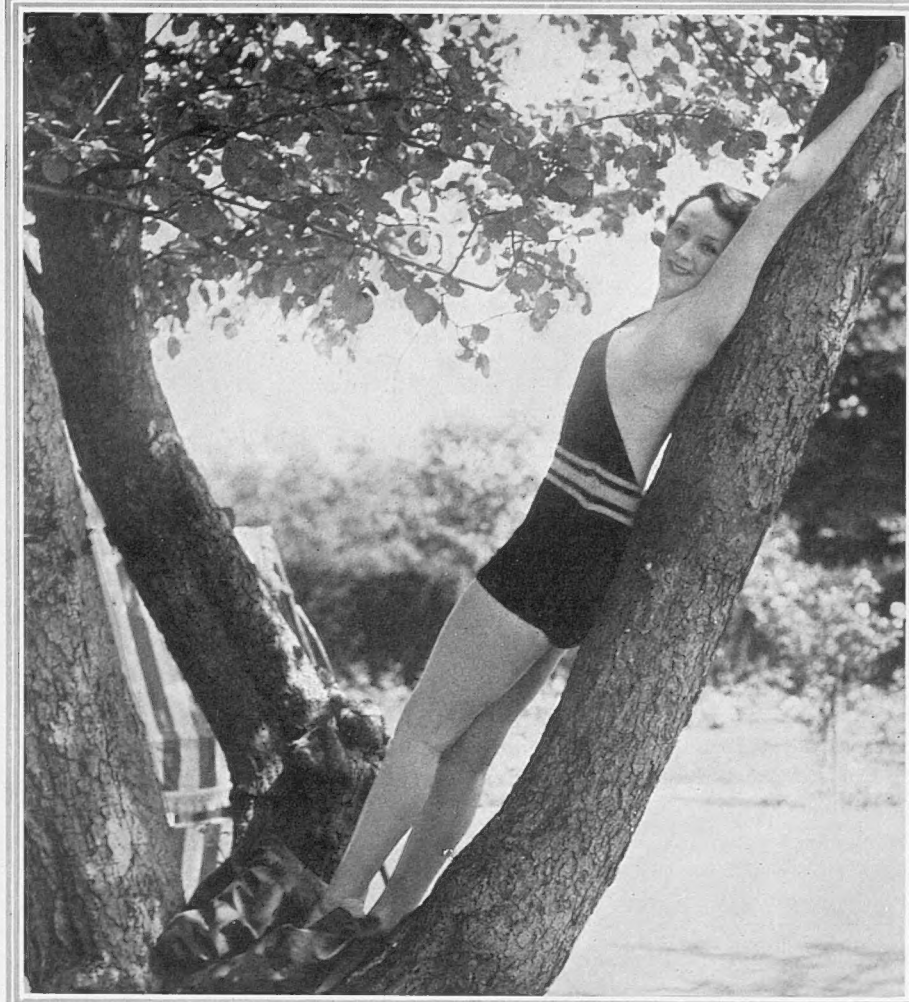
A DOUBLE SITTING

While Helene Barclay, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, was posing for the camera, her husband, McClellan Barclay, seized the opportunity of sketching her attractive face. Mr. Barclay's work decorates many magazine covers across the Atlantic

ROUND THE SHOWS!

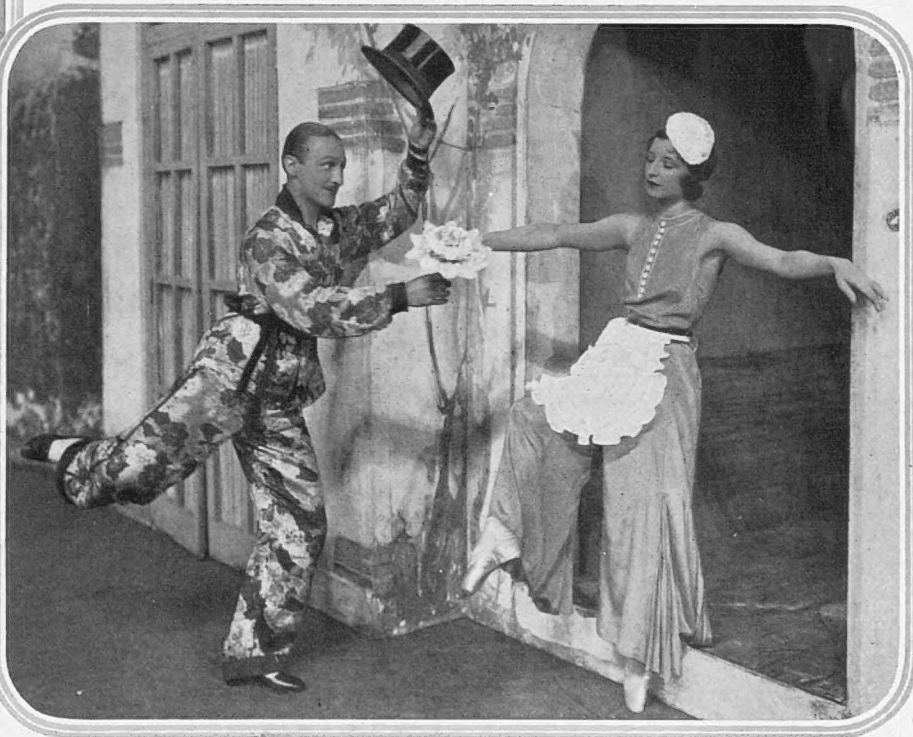


MISS VIOLET LORAIN'S RETURN
IN "FANFARE" Junié Jevons



MISS BENITA HUME, WHO IS IN "PARTY"

Sasha



MR. KELLAND ESPINOSA AND MISS ETHEL ALDERSON IN
"OUT OF THE BOTTLE" AT THE HIPPODROME Stage Photo Co.

No "come-back" has ever been more welcome than Miss Violet Loraine's in John Murray Anderson's new revue, "Fanfare," which came to London last week to the Prince Edward, after carrying all before it in Manchester and outer London for a month. There is only one Violet Loraine, and the gap left when she retired on her marriage has never been filled. Her charm and personality are quite unique, and in this new revue we see her in some typical blends of character and sentiment, Cockney and otherwise. There is also a little reminiscence of "The Bing Boys," and a wonderful burlesque song, "I Wonder Why Poor Nellie Never Writes." Miss Benita Hume is the heroine in Mr. Ivor Novello's entertaining play all about the lovely actress who will only consent to become a peeress if she "flops" as an actress. Miss Benita Hume is also very busy on a film called "Men of Steel." "Out of the Bottle" at the Hippodrome, founded on F. Anstey's "The Brass Bottle," is a certain cure for that wet white mouse feeling

Racing Ragout : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

RACING is the most aggravating thing in the world. One always "jobs backwards," and, if a winner, kicks oneself for not having won more, and if a loser, for having lost at all. Anyone looking at the Ascot results in the book would wonder how there were any book-makers left, and whether any backers would bother to go racing again. In nearly every case the obvious horse won, except for the horse which caused Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey such "amazement" in "The Sunday Express," and if he had read the rules of racing carefully he would have seen the new amendment to the effect that "two-year-old form may be considered void if two Sundays have elapsed." One hasn't, however, heard of any outstandingly big winners, though a certain number of losers. One poor girl, indeed, confided to me just before the King's Stand Stakes that so well had her boy friend been going on the first day that he had promised her a silver-fox fur, a gift which by the end of the third day he was trying to swap out for a pair of musquash gloves, a lunch (on the nod) at Buck's tent, and a lady's badge for Ally Pally. If Limelight and Brown Jack hadn't cast up, she added, it looked like she'd have had to stand him his train fare to Windsor on the Saturday. The best winner of the meeting for most people was the Bucks Club tent, an innovation started by this go-ahead young club just at the moment when so many other clubs were dropping out. Barring the smaller dog-fights and Eisteddfods, they seem to have got a tent at every event for their members, generally in the best pitch, and always with the best food.

It is a great pity that Limelight is not in the classics. He is probably the best horse that His Majesty has ever owned and must be right at the top of the three-year-old class. Old Brown Jack (is he as good as he was, or is Brulette better than the general opposition in the Alexandra Stakes?) got a great ovation when he won for the fourth time in succession. In this race alone he has been earning about £2,000 a year for his owner, and his race being so near the end of the last day he must have helped hundreds of punters out in his time. What a triumph it would be if he were put to jumping and won a National. He is an ideal horse for it and still not too old.

There was as usual a large crowd at Windsor, and in a sort of way it was less of a strain to get back to the selling-plate class again in comfortable clothes. It was only by a short head that a young soldier was stopped attending the meeting in full Ascot regalia. He had been told by someone with a warped sense of humour that the King having decided to race there, that kit was *de rigueur* for serving officers, an improbability which needs little comment. The day's racing was practically a benefit for Sir Alfred Butt and Frank Butters, who won three races with Nothing Daunted, Lord Marcus, whom they must have been glad to see the last of, and Largition, who is a lovely horse and appears to be as good a three-year-old as he was a two-year-old. With another winner at Folkestone on the Monday this made seven winners for Frank Butters in the week. Nothing Daunted and Miss Elegance just show what it is possible to run up against in two-year-old selling plates, and it would take a good one to give 10 lb. to the former.

Folkestone is a pleasant little place to race, and is perhaps the greatest possible anti-climax to Ascot as regards the class of horse running. Going down by car the way out of London is the most poisonous six miles of traffic and tram-lines in the Metropolis, but once

out, there is a speedway the whole of the remaining sixty miles to the course. As regards the racing, I see that one well-known racing correspondent filled in his space largely with paragraphs on the habits and longevity of the gold-fish in the tank in the paddock, and from the point of view of interest I think his subject was well chosen.

Having written a few words on the hardships of a trainer's life, it may not be out of place to say a few words to correct the many misconceptions about jockeys. All jockeys start as apprentices, and just in the same way that all salmon

ova do not become salmon, so all apprentices do not become jockeys. In fact, the proportion is much the same. The apprentice enters the

stable at the age of about fourteen as a rule, and he is unlikely to be taken on should he scale more than 5 st. Just as every good soldier joins with the vision of a Field-Marshal's baton in his kit bag, so every apprentice sees himself slapping his boot with his "cosh," preparatory to being given a leg up on the favourite for the Gold Cup.

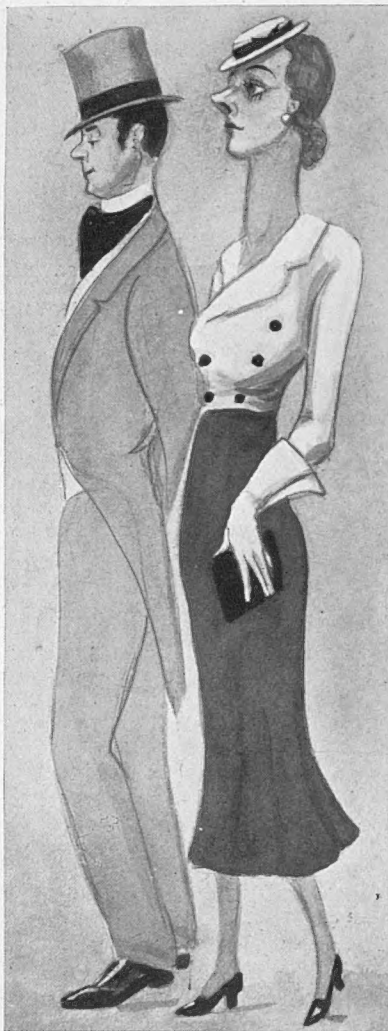
What actually happens is this: With lashings of food and about four hours' gardening a day, by the time the lad is sixteen he looks more like making a sparring partner for Gains than a jockey, and he probably gets taken on as an ordinary lad if not too heavy when his time is up. This accounts for the great majority; except in the few stables where the training of apprentices is a speciality, the likely lad is given a few rides in apprentice races on horses so slow and so quiet that they would command high prices for cub-hunters. Should he be given a few good rides and win a race or two he is acclaimed as the jockey of the age, given a fabulous retainer, and by thus getting more good rides holds his position and acquires a Bentley and the right of entry to the better-known night clubs. His confrère, however, who hasn't had the winning rides, provided that his weight remains right and his strength unimpaired, may do a steady jug-and-bottle trade riding unfancied horses until he changes over to riding over fences. One such told me that, in the bad old days, trading under the slogan, "Buy me and stop one!" he only rode six triers out of 120 rides in one season.

With but a slight limit to working hours the life of the "lad" or apprentice is a hard one, and even those who have climbed to the tree top have not entirely a bed of roses. For so many there is the bugbear of weight and a hard day's riding with a couple of hours in the train each way on a wine-glass of Evian water and the maddening smell of someone else's fried sole is a strain. And yet it does look easy to get a large present for riding five furlongs with no obstacles in the way.



ENGAGED AT WINDSOR: LIEUT.-COLONEL CARTHEW AND MISS MOLLY TOWLE

The bride-to-be is a daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Towle, and this is about the first snapshot the camera has scored since the announcement of her engagement to Lieut.-Colonel Cartew, who is a well-known owner, who was in the Flying Corps and got a D.S.O. in 1915



SIR JOCK AND LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

An impression which is at any rate novel. Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine is a well-known owner, and has been Master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds since 1921. Lady Buchanan-Jardine is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton. Her father is an uncle of the Duke of Abercorn

ENTERTAINED AND ENTERTAINING

Dates in the Social Diary



Arthur Owen
MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, HER SISTER LADY DUFFERIN, AND HER SON GAY KINDERSLEY



Arthur Owen
ALSO AT GREAT TANGLEY MANOR: MR. REX COLCLOUGH AND MRS. FAIRBURN



Arthur Owen
STAYING WITH MR. AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY IN SURREY: MISS DIANA COVENTRY AND MR. JIM LAWRENCE

When Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley entertain week-end parties guests always enjoy themselves exceedingly, a fact which is suggested by these smiling snapshots taken at Great Tangley Manor, Wokingham. Miss Diana Coventry is Mrs. Jim Dugdale's sister



COLONEL AND MRS. C. D. MILLER ENTERTAIN JEAN BOROTRA

The ever-popular Borotra was one of the many tennis stars attending the reception held annually by Roehampton Club and I.L.T.C. of Great Britain. This picture was taken after Colonel and Mrs. Charlie Miller's luncheon party. Lady Lathom (see left) was entertaining, too, last week, her evening party being in honour of Mr. Elliott Seabrooke, whose exhibition of pictures is now on view at Tooth's Galleries



Arthur Owen
AT LADY LATHOM'S PARTY: THE HOSTESS WITH MRS. ELLIOTT SEABROOKE (left), MR. SEABROOKE, MADAME ALANOVA, AND PERRY



PRESENTED: MISS PAMELA ROY BIRD

Who was presented at Their Majesties' Court on June 23, is the daughter of Mr. Ernest Roy Bird, the member for the Skipton Division of Yorkshire, and of Mrs. Roy Bird. Mr. Roy Bird, who is a solicitor, has sat for Skipton since 1924

he always manages to pick up a companion somewhere. Besides, think of the difference in expense! Of course it is not nearly so exciting as the real thing, but as a second best it is not to be despised. And life, after all, is one long making the best of the second best and thanking heaven when it is not also second-rate. Among those book travellers whose companionship I enjoy most of all, I count Mr. Osbert Sitwell. I love his novels too, wickedly cruel as they sometimes are. True, he travels entirely intellectually, but he never travels dully. I count his new book, "Winters of Content" (Duckworth. 15s.), as interesting and delightful in every way as was "Discursions," and I have read that book at least twice. He is always stopping at unpopular places and discovering unpopular gems of art. He even makes Venice come alive, so to speak, in a new aspect; chiefly because he writes of it in mid-winter, and spends his time visiting an old palace and especially the Villa Malcontenta; telling us of this wonderful example of Palladio's work, and then taking us quickly over to England to show us how his genius influenced British architects, so that Mereworth Castle and Chiswick House and many other mansions up and down the country are definitely "Palladian." I am glad, too, that the train stranded him at Bologna, because, as a writer, he is amusing, apart from being informative and a marvellous pen-painter of scenes, especially when he is stranded. Thence the book takes us to Apulia and Parma, where he introduces us—most of us, anyway—to the work of Canova, of which the head of the King of Rome is a beautifully illustrated example. In fact, I know no other writer of travel books who makes his book journeys more mentally exciting. And how well he writes them! There are pages of sheer description in "Winters of Content" which are perfect vistas in themselves; and who will disagree with this, à propos of the modern arrangement of pictures: "Let us here register a plea that we may be left a few such havens of peace, where the personal, and often finical taste of the curator is not allowed to count for too much, where all the pictures are displayed, whether he likes them or not, and where the largest—not the best—canvases occupy the chief space. That is the way to see them. Then the finest pictures stand out on their own without the special pleading of their position, and without the emphasis on their importance which is conveyed by the painstaking colour scheme of neutral tints, cleverly worked out in his office by the curator on one or two artistic friends, but so obviously designed to lead up to them. . . . Moreover, this modern proclaiming of masterpieces, through their lighting and placing, leads both to atrophy of the critical faculties and to a false and standardized taste; for it teaches the public not to think for itself."

Lewis Carroll and Mr. Dodgson.

Never worry worry until worry worries you, applies principally to other people's tribulations. In parenthesis, most adages seem best to apply to other people. They are *their*

Travelling Companions.

Sometimes I think that the nicest journeys of all are by yourself with a book. I know it's only make-believe, but in the land of make-believe there are no long hours in stuffy trains, nor the bother of finding hotels, nor the solitary bore who travels alone because no one will apparently go with him, and, as he declares,

birthright and *our* gift. All the same, I do think that present-day worries are much worse than the perplexities of bygone eras. Our worries are mostly money-worries, and they have nothing spiritually fortifying about them as a consequence. You may arise a better and a nobler individual from conflict with most sorrows, but I have yet to see the man who, after much concentration has just met his income-tax and rates, can sally forth an individual purged of his inner dross. In Mr. Langford Reed's "Life of Lewis Carroll" (Foyle. 7s. 6d.) there is a quaint old photograph of Croft Rectory where the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" passed most of his boy-hood. An ugly, delightful old house with doubtless fine rooms and every early-Victorian inconvenience. In front of the house there is evidently a garden-party in progress. Ladies in crinolines and gentlemen in black coats and straw hats sit or stand about doing nothing and doing it without fidgeting. (A lost art!) How peaceful and friendly and futile they all look. And how un-worried! Not theirs the rather terrifying perplexity of a bruised world upside-down, the awful wonder of what is going to happen next, the more awful knowledge of what has just happened and how on earth we are going to meet it. No, just tea and talk

and perhaps a game of croquet with people who would be shocked to know that a game is not necessarily a game but a career. The whole a peaceful picture of a *settled* kind of world without changes and revolutions and moneyed vulgarity and much noise. Everyone knowing his or her proper place and realizing that one place is as good as another if you are happy and contented in it. Idle gossip no more idle because it buzzes around local matters and not around silly novels and film "tripe." And in this peaceful atmosphere the author of the immortal "Alice" books was brought up. As a young man "Lewis Carroll" was so simple, so lovable, so entirely a child at heart that one wonders how he could ever have developed into the ponderous Mr. Dodgson! True, it seems to me, after reading this interesting life, that Lewis Carroll was more a lover of childhood than of children. Otherwise, having been



NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE!

Mr. W. A. Evershed, the owner of the fastest greyhound in England, "Future Cutlet," which started a warm favourite for the Dog Derby run on June 25. "Going to the Dogs" is nowadays one of the most popular pastimes in England, and it has the advantage of giving its supporters a thrill at a time when all other forms of out-door sport are impossible. England's well-lit night-time greyhound courses are some of the best in the world, and their tremendous popularity is a pretty good index of what the public thinks about them

(Continued on p. 548)

HIS GROUND-WORK?

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



Employer (to man who has recently obtained post as chauffeur-gardener): You don't seem to know much about cars. What experience have you had of gardening?

Chauffeur-Gardener: Wull, sur, my uncle was a gardener, and me father 'as an allotment

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

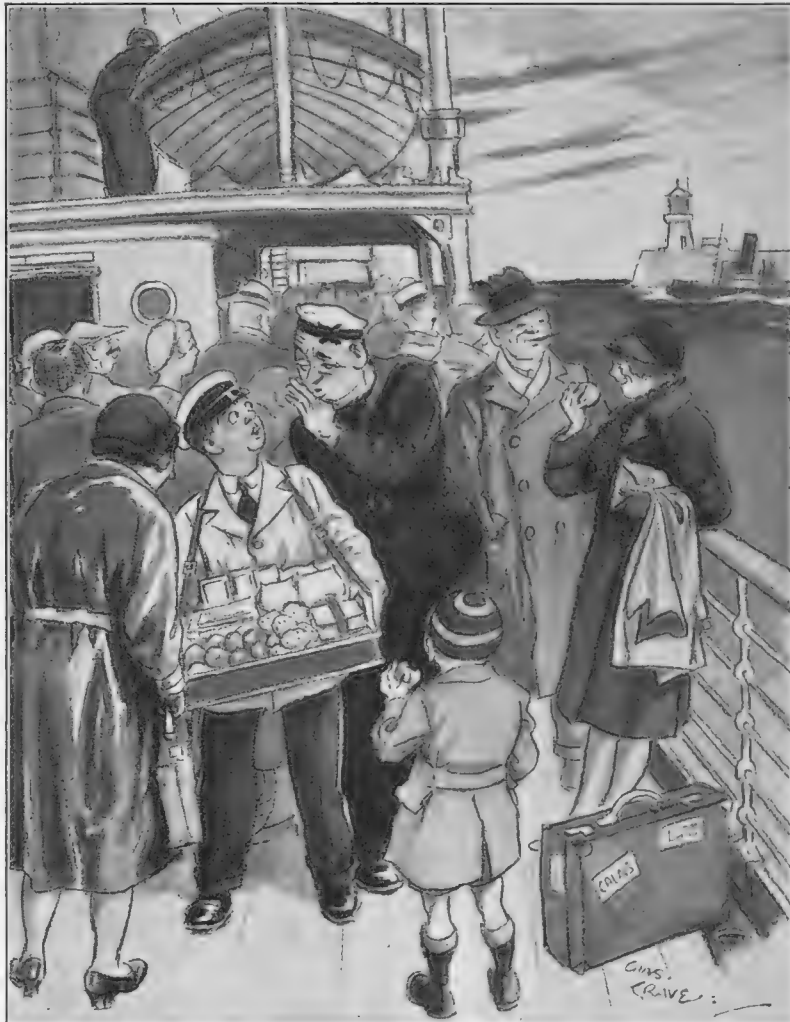
such an enchanting friend to so many little girls as "Lewis Carroll," he would not surely have deliberately allowed that friendship to drift away after they had attained the age of fourteen, to be continued merely by Mr. Dodgson, and many letters designed, not for their entertainment, but for their spiritual sustenance. Mr. Reed declares whole-heartedly for dual personality in order to account for the simple, child-like charm of Lewis Carroll, and the ponderous professorial outlook of Mr. Dodgson, and a case of dual personality it certainly seems to have been. For when Lewis Carroll wrote books we had the enchanting "Alice in Wonderland," "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark"; whereas when Mr. Dodgson put pen to paper, besides some gloomy tomes on mathematics, we had the "Sylvie and Bruno" series which, although a story, was just as gloomy and equally as dry. Although Lewis Carroll died comparatively recently, it is curious how little is even yet known of his private life. Those who knew only the Mr. Dodgson side have little of interest to tell, whereas the Lewis Carroll memory lives chiefly in the minds of ladies now grown middle-aged, who knew him only when they were little girls and so have not very much to tell, except to recollect his gift for story-telling and his enchanting friendship. Nevertheless, Mr. Reed has been able to collect enough material to make a brief but interesting life, and he pans out his book by a chapter on Lewis Carroll as the founder of the now popular "Nonsense Novels"; while—though this is a pity—he inserts somewhat lengthy diatribes of his own against modern life and manners, all of which may be true, but none of them is wanted. All the same, no lover of "Alice" can afford to miss reading this book. Indeed, they will welcome it with arms outstretched. For it is a book of the life of the man who created her and, as far as possible, it is also a character study of the writer himself; or shall we say of two writers, since Lewis Carroll didn't seem even acquainted with Mr. Dodgson, and Mr. Dodgson frowned upon Lewis Carroll. It was all very queer, but, thank goodness, the latter is *not* buried in Guildford Old Cemetery. So long as children are children, and grown-ups are also children, providing no one is looking, Lewis Carroll will never die.

The Wonderful B.B.C.

Wireless and the telephone have this in common: they exasperate you, but you simply can't imagine what life would be without them! Wireless is, of course, the cheapest and the best entertainment extant. Its influence is incalculable. For if the butcher's boy sings "Ain't it grand to be bloomin' well dead" until you feel like taking him at his word with a well-aimed brick, the baker's boy, on the other hand, whistles the Prize Song from *The Meistersingers*, and you think how very wonderful it all is—even though it makes you begin to hate the Prize Song at last. But everything cuts both ways—even a safety razor. And here is Sir Harry Brittain telling us in a most interesting little book, "The ABC. of the B.B.C." (Pearson, 1s.), the history of broad-casting from its earliest experiments

until to-day, when it brings everything worth hearing into your room, so to speak—to talk to you, to sing to you, to play to you, and never for a moment longer than you wish to listen. In parenthesis, it is curious, all the same, how many people listen in only to be infuriated and then write to tell the world how angry they are! As if the world cared or had not more personal things to ponder over. But some people are never happy until they are airing themselves in print. All the same, it would seem that the directors of the B.B.C. pay great attention to their correspondence. A pity, for I know how untypical of the majority are the people who *will* write. A larger number of unopened letters might possibly lead to less monotony in their programmes or, rather, we might have low-brow nights full of sheer entertainment and surprises, and high-brow nights when we could be educated deliberately and *know it*. "Snippets" only annoy everybody in an effort to please them. Nevertheless

wireless is probably the most important invention of the ages. Indeed, you can't imagine what life would be without it. It is a real harbinger of happiness, not only to you and me, but especially to the blind and those who are ill. And the story of its progress as re-told by Sir Harry Brittain is as marvellous a story as any which has not come out of fairyland. Most of us don't realize how marvellous it is. The human imagination only accepts, but cannot grasp the sheer wonder of it. All the same, this most interesting little book will help you to do so. It also lets you into the world of Broadcasting House to tell you how things are done there, who does them, and the means whereby it is all accomplished so that you listen-in as if the studio were as close as next door. The description of the new building is alone a revelation in scientific architecture. For example, here is a beautiful natural paradox. The substance which was inserted into the walls in order to deaden all outside noises is called slag wool, and slag wool is the by-product of *explosions*! And when one considers that the development of broadcasting from its earliest rudimentary experiments to to-day's perfection is only a matter of twenty years.



Deck Hand: It looks like blowin' up a bit roughish outside, Joe, so don't sell 'em more grub than you can 'elp. We'll only 'ave to clean it up afterwards

The New A.A. Road Book.

However, I simply must mention the new "A.A. Road Book of Ireland" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), because, not only is it a book of wonderful information, but it also opens up for the ambitious an almost undiscovered country of loveliness for those who possess a car. As in all these road books *everything is there*—maps, information, hints, and suggestions, together with brief but interesting notes which one usually seeks to find only in guide books. Every time I have ever visited Ireland, especially Northern Ireland, I have always yearned to explore it by road. But what with one thing and another . . . well, you know how it is! However, this new road book explains all the problems away, so that now there is no difficulty or doubt as to the suitability of Ireland as a country to motor in. And of its utterly unspoilt loveliness there is no question. Especially when nowadays country which is unspoiled is in itself lovely.

A SOCIETY PORTRAIT GALLERY



MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL

Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, wife of one celebrity, is the sister-in-law of two others, Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Miss Edith Sitwell, the poetess. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was Miss Georgia Doble, and is the sister of Lady Lindsay-Hogg—Miss Frances Doble—the famous young actress who is in the leading part of that very effervescent play, "Whilst Parents Sleep," which continues to attract a lot of very wakeful people to the Royalty. The Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg is a Spaniard, and both she and her husband are very well known and much liked in London Society. Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is Lord and Lady Rosslyn's daughter and is just twenty



Yvonne
LADY MARY
ST. CLAIR-
ERSKINE



THE PRINCESS MAX HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG

Dorothy Wilding



R. S. Crisp

OXFORD UNIVERSITY POLO TEAM

The names, left to right, are: Mr. O. S. Poole (Eton and Christ Church), Mr. L. Rogers (West Point, U.S.A., and Christ Church), the Hon. John Pearson (Eton and Christ Church), and Mr. J. Lakin (Eton and New). The Varsity match is at Hurlingham on July 7. Oxford won last year 9-0, and the only new-comer in the team is the American, Mr. Rogers. It looks as if they might win again

THE Inter-Regimental being the big thing on the tapis (final, July 2) at the moment, I must try to bring the story into line. At Tidworth the preliminaries went much as everyone anticipated; that is to say, The Greys dominated the situation, and at the time I write are the *de facto* favourites to win the whole show. The 4th/7th D.G.s beat the 16th/5th Lancers 8 to 5; The Greys easily beat the 11th Hussars 10 to 3, and then in the second round laid out the 4th/7th D.G.s 12 to 6. At Aldershot, the 7th Hussars beat the 5th D.G.s 7 to 6, and then the 8th Hussars 7 to 4, and the Life Guards, after beating the Navy, fell straight into the arms of the holders, The Bays.

Whilst all this was going on the Gunner team played its first tie v. the 3rd Carabiniers—the 6th, of course, used to be the regiment we called the Carabiniers—and at Hurlingham beat the Heavy Cavalry by 16 to 2, and it ought not to have been more than 16 to 1, for they somehow let the 3rd slip them at the start and put one through (Captain Vincent and Mr. Watson co-operating very well indeed) before they seemed to have realized that the ball had been thrown in. That set the Royal Regiment properly alight, and in the first chukker alone they got 7 goals, and in the second one 6—they came so fast that it was rather difficult to keep the tally, but of course this game was no sort of a gallop for the Royal Artillery team, and it came to an untimely end in the 5th chukker owing to a nasty bumper the Carabiniers' back, Mr. B. A. Hamilton, got. The ball had gone over the line, and, so far as I could see, what happened was, that the pony crossed his legs as he was being pulled up. A slow fall is always far worse than a fast one, as it is pretty certain in the former that you won't get clear. Mr. Hamilton didn't, and he was lucky not to break anything. He was very badly rolled on, and knee and leg both got it, more painful most times than a break. Anyway, I hope he is doing as well as can be hoped. The Carabinier team at the moment is anything from 20 goals to 25 inferior to the Gunners, and they were also very over-weighted in the matter of ponies. They stood up to the severe punishment very pluckily, for there is nothing much more demoralizing than getting it in the neck all the time.

The thing which, of course, we were all watching and debating was the Gunner team. For whatever it may be worth, my own opinion is that it is a very good side, and whether it is The Greys or The Bays it meets in the final there is going to be a fight. In this team which played at Hurlingham they had their last year's No. 1, Captain B. J. Fowler; the No. 2, Mr. E. G. D. Kennedy, was No. 1 in their

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

Subalterns' team last year; Captain H. G. Morrison was No. 3 (he was not in last year's team); and Captain J. C. Campbell was the back. He was No. 3 in last year's team. Now, as it seems to me this formation is going to work pretty well, whether Captain H. C. Elton, the regular and last year's No. 2, is able to come back or not. Captain Elton got damaged in a fall in the Whitney Cup tie v. Osmaston, and I hear that a polo boot and he have not been particular friends ever since. The Gunners' team which beat the 17th/21st Lancers in 1927 (7 to 6) was Mr. B. J. Fowler (1), Captain H. G. Morrison (2), Mr. J. C. Campbell (3), and Captain C. W. Allfrey (back), so that this year they have three of their old "colours"—a good omen, I think. The 17th/21st Lancer team was Mr. R. B. B. B. Cooke (1), Mr. H. C. Walford (2), Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Lockett (3), and Mr. H. W. Forester (back). Mr. (as he then was) J. C. Campbell was the hero of that match. He hit three of the Gunners' goals and Captain Morrison hit two, and the whole team went very well. We need not take this game v. the 3rd Carabiniers as of any use to us, but what I am looking at is what "Ubique" did to a Hurlingham scratch team on June 15. The Gunners had to give away a 2½-goals start and they beat them quite comfortably by 7 to 5½. The scratch team was no slouch. It was Mr. R. B. B. B. Cooke (17th/21st Lancers)—and when he was hurt in a fall Major E. D. Fanshawe who is The Bays' back, Captain A. H. Barclay—a low-goal man, Major Rex Benson, and Lord Sefton. It was not a great side, but coupled with what we saw of the Gunner units in the Whitney Cup match v. Osmaston (eventual winners) I think I am right about what sort of show they are going to put up against whoever it is they meet in the final. We must also look pretty hard at the first tie of the Ranelagh Open Cup, in which this self-same R.A. team beat The Panthers (winners of the Roehampton Open) 7 to 4. Even if we take into account the fact that Mr. Jack Traill was *hors de combat*, and Captain P. W. Dollar officiated, this 3 goal margin about balances things. I am not sure that (being a trainer) I should have slipped the Gunner quite so soon before his big engagement—however that is merely a private opinion. It is, perhaps, too optimistic to prophesy a repetition of what the Gunner team did to the all-conquering 17th/21st Lancers in the 1927 Inter-Regimental, but I should be sorry to lay any odds at all against it. Both The Bays and

(Continued on p. viii)

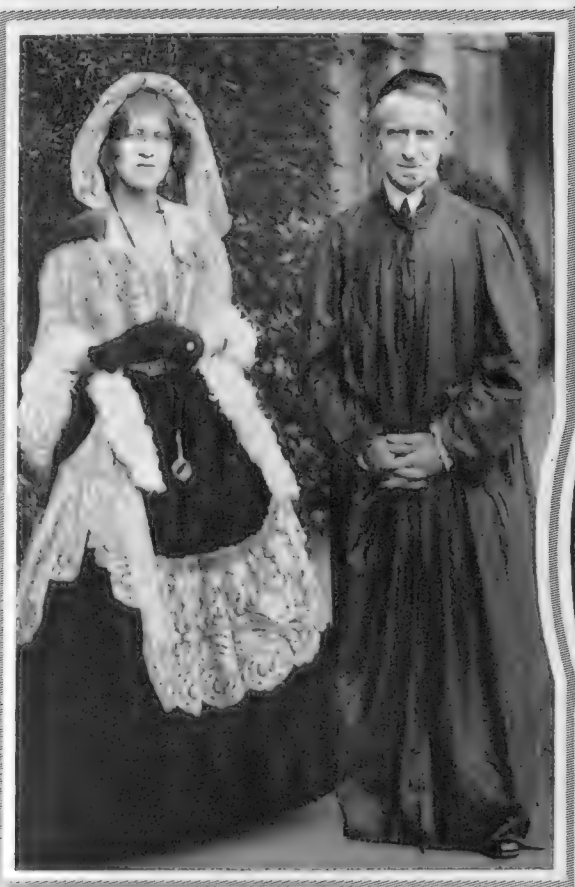


R. S. Crisp

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY POLO TEAM

Reading from left to right the names are: Mr. D. C. Barbour (Harrow and Trinity), Mr. E. J. B. Nelson (Eton and Trinity), the Hon. G. N. Rous, captain (Harrow and Trinity), and Mr. D. Crewdson (Malvern and Pembroke). Only Mr. Nelson and the Hon. G. N. Rous were in last year's team

PAGEANTS GALORE!



AT THE OXFORD PAGEANT: MISS ALICE BUCHAN (MRS. DISRAELI) AND COL. JOHN BUCHAN (CARDINAL NEWMAN)



MISS JANETTE GORDON



MISS E. FEILDING AND MR. G. HEATHCOAT-AMORY (LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON)



THE LEICESTER PAGEANT: MRS. PAGET (LADY SUFFOLK) AND MAJOR GUY PAGET (CHARLES I.)



THE HON. HENRY FEILDING (HENRY VII.) AND LADY FEILDING (QUEEN KATHERINE)

The period of the recent pageant at Oxford was 1860, and was intended to reproduce an Oxford Garden Party, at which most of the big guns in the political and social world were represented. The caricaturists of the time were not as kind to Lord Palmerston as was his counterfeit presentment on this occasion. One of the best "reproductions" was the famous novelist M.P.'s Cardinal Newman. The Cardinal is there in his very manner as he moved and spoke. Little Miss Janette Gordon, who is the daughter of the President of Magdalen, is seen doing only as many a little 1860 girl no doubt did on a hot June afternoon. The Leicester Pageant, as may be observed, covers quite a big period, from Queen Katherine, wife of Henry V., to the martyred King Charles I. Lady Feilding, who is the Earl of Denbigh's daughter-in-law, and Major and Mrs. Guy Paget, amongst others, worked like galley-slaves to make the pageant a success

AT THE LONDON POLO CLUBS



W. A. Rouch

AT ROEHAMPTON: LT.-COL. G. REES-MOGG
AND LT.-COMMANDER W.A.C. BINNIE



W. A. Rouch

THE PANTHERS WIN THE ROEHAMPTON OPEN CUP

The names, left to right, but not in the order they played, are: The Marquis de Portago, Major Philip Magor, Mr. E. H. Tyrrell Martin and Mr. J. A. E. Traill



AT RANELAGH GYMKHANA:
MISS ELIZABETH BIRCHALL



CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. H. BARCLAY
AT RANELAGH



MRS. JOHN ROBERTS, AT THE RANELAGH
GYMKHANA

The Panthers, who won the Roehampton Open from Someries House by 9 to 5, were much the stronger team on the day, but the losers, it has to be noted, were without their International, Mr. Humphrey Guinness, who was wanted for his regimental (Greys) team at Tidworth—and so, in view of what Someries House did to the formidable Osmaston side (beat 'em 7-3), too much notice ought not, perhaps, to be taken of this form. The Panthers went very well, none the less. Lt.-Com. W.A.C. Binnie is the No. 1 of the Royal Navy team, which, unhappily, was knocked out quite early in the Inter-Regimental by the Life Guards. Captain A. H. Barclay, who is with his wife (who is a daughter of Sir Archibald Mitchelson) is No. 2 of the Bays team. They had an exercise gallop with Merchiston, whom they beat easily. It was in preparation for their encounter with the Greys in the Inter-Regimental. The Gunners meet whichever wins in the final, and there is a certainty of two real good matches. The Ranelagh Gymkhana provided fresh air and exercise for a number of enthusiasts, and as the weather was off the top shelf it was most enjoyable

ON VIEW IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES

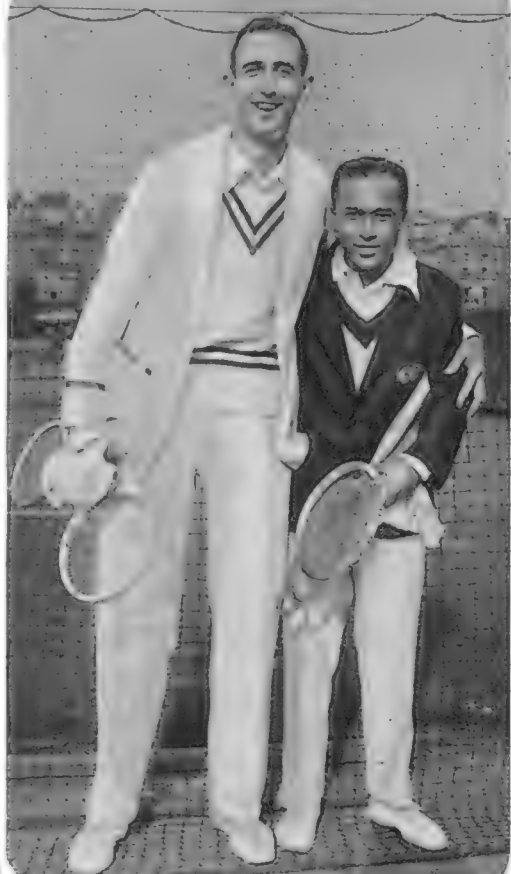


Howard Barrett

GENERAL PAYNTER HAS HIS FLING



A "SPEAKING" LIKENESS OF THE
DUKE OF RUTLAND



Stuart

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT AT WIM-
BLEDON: MR. G. LYTTELTON ROGERS AND
HIS DOUBLES PARTNER, MR. IWAO AOKI



Truman Howell

UNIONISTS AT TREDEGAR PARK: IN FRONT—SIR W. COPE, LADY COPE, LORD TREDEGAR
AND MR. DUFF COOPER, M.P. BEHIND—CAPTAIN WARE, MAJOR CORBETT, CAPTAIN
STEDMAN, SIR L. FORESTIER-WALKER, M.P., AND THE HON. EVAN MORGAN

The two top pictures on this page were taken in the grounds of Belvoir Castle, which the Duke of Rutland lent recently for a very successful Gala. Side-shows were plentiful and General George Paynter had a dart at most of them. Among those watching him carrying out the principle of "if at first you don't succeed, shy, shy, shy again" are the Duchess of Rutland, her elder son, Lord Granby, Captain Lindsay Everard, the member for Melton, and Colonel Gordon Colman, M.F.H. Mr. Lyttelton Rogers evidently believes in the value of contrasts on the court, for his partner at Wimbledon was the famous Japanese player Mr. Iwao Aoki, who does not reach the five-foot mark. The Irish champion measures 6 ft. 7 in. There was a great gathering of politicians at Lord Tredegar's Welsh home when Monmouthshire Unionists held their annual fête at Tredegar Park. As member for the Monmouth Division, Sir Leolin Forestier-Walker spoke with authority and Mr. Duff Cooper also had something interesting to say. Sir William Cope used to represent Llandaff and Barry and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury for several years. The Hon. Evan Morgan, Lord Tredegar's only son, is another very popular personality in South Wales



IN THE BALLET "JEUX DES ENFANTS"

The distinguished dancers in this quaint modernistic ballet at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées are Mlles. Toumanova and Lubov Rosbova and M. Roland Guerard. It is one of the items in the Russian Ballet season in full swing at the moment

THEY tell us, Très Cher, that we must suffer in order to be beautiful! I am beginning to think, however, that what we suffer most from is the palaver that accompanies the beautifying! Twice, recently, I have allowed myself to be penned into the crowded salons of Beauty Parlours, in company of Other Fools like myself, in order to hear certain Notabilities—who ought to know better—discourse on "how" and "what" to smear on one's face in order to cheat the passing years. The last to oblige was a famous portrait-painter whose victims—on canvas—usually look as if they have been sojourning in a morgue. To hear this great man's opinion on the right kind of rouge was certainly interesting, since, when portraying youth and beauty, he invariably uses the more gangrenous shades of green, mauve, or blue! At another place we watched (and I'm all for it) some charming wenches stand on their heads and tie themselves into complicated knots in order to achieve slimness (that they already possessed, by the way) and cultivate the good circulation that means an unblemished complexion. Then an extremely unrestrained-fronted lady, who would have been all the better for a course of physical jerks (or merely a *brassière*), proceeded to show us how to "harmonise" our make-up with the shade of our frock. After the third demonstration I discovered that I must be colour-blind, and feeling somewhat disheartened at the discovery, and more than a little overcome by the heat, I wandered home, enjoyed a good old soap-and-water face wash, and felt ten years younger and a whole frigi-lot cooler for it . . . but then, of course, I am an optimist, and maybe my feelings did not coincide with my looks. Probably I was still under the influence of my second visit to the Russian Ballet (from Monte Carlo) the evening before, and had not forgotten the charm of the *real* and delightful youth of the three little stars of that wonderful company of dancers.

Mlles. Toumanova, Riabouchina, and Baronova (known also as Tamara, Tatiana and Irina) do not total more than forty-five birthdays between them! They are the loveliest, daintiest little glancing fireflies that ever fluttered their gossamer wings at the footlights. Tamara is dark and glowing and somewhat Oriental in appearance, like her famous namesake; Tatiana is fair, rather tall for her age, and very, very slim and muscular; while the baby of the troupe, Irina, has still all the dimpled roundness of childhood. You will adore them if, as is expected at the time I write this, you see them soon in London. Last week I was not sure whether Argentina was to visit you this season; now she tells me that she is giving two dance recitals at the Savoy Theatre on July 4 and 6. I am glad I wrote you, somewhat at length, about her new dances. She has had to repeat her performance at the Trocadero, that Albert Hall-sized barn of a place, and again, in twenty-four hours' time, every

Priscilla in Paris

seat in the house was booked. And yet we hear so much about the *crise du théâtre*. . . . It seems to me far more the "*crise des spectateurs*." The theatre-going public has merely become canny; it knows what's what, and, incidentally, is decided to have its bawbees' worth. Just now, in Paris, most of the theatres are closing down for the summer, while the few that remain open are playing with under-studies in the principal rôles, while cut salaries are the lot of the unfortunates who cannot afford holidays. This is careful, if not cheerful, management.

On the other hand, Dufrène and Varna, who already own four or five theatres, have shown great optimism in opening a new, and very tiny, theatre above the Casino that they have named the "Studio de Paris." It is housed in the premises once occupied by the night-club that knew a great vogue for several years after the war—the "Perroquet." It holds, I imagine, about a hundred stalls, and there are eight boxes, four on either side. You know those open, pen-like things that we are so fond of in Paris. I hate them myself, they make me feel, especially in this hot weather, as if I was taking my bath in public.

The play with which this new house has opened is a French adaptation of Christa Winsloe's *Gestern und Heute*, the tragic little story from which the now-famous film, *Mädchen in Uniform*, was taken. It—the film—is having a quite phenomenal (for Paris) run at the Marigny Theatre under Léon Volterra's management. It was a clever idea of a rival group to stage this play and thus profit by the advertisement already given to the screen version, for although the play is not a patch on the film, many people will want to see it. The "flesh-and-blood" idea holds great appeal for the average film fan.

I have not yet seen the new picture that is the talk—or rather, the discussion—of the town: Pierre Benoist's *Atlantide*, by Pabst. Brigitte Helm plays the title rôle, and is "supernaturally" (film jargon) beautiful, but the general opinion seems to be that while the desert scenery is marvellously photographed, the "story" itself is deadly dull. I prefer to say this before seeing it for myself. With love, Très Cher,
PRISCILLA.



AT CHANTILLY RACES:
MR. AND MRS. CLEMENT HOBSON

On the day the French Derby was run, Mr. Clement Hobson owns *Ciro's* in Paris and he is a well-known owner and breeder of horses in France. Mrs. Clement Hobson was wearing a white sleeveless gown with a green turban and a green ostrich feather boa

A GREAT DANCER RETURNS TO LONDON



LA ARGENTINA IN "LA MALAGUENA"

The Parisian Press, during La Argentina's recent appearance at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, exhausted every eulogistic epithet in even their almost bottomless reserve, and we who know her in London—for she comes back to us as an old friend who is younger than ever—are certain to follow suit. The sole complaint will be that her appearances are limited to only two special performances at the Savoy Theatre on the evenings of July 4 and July 6. The witchery of her talent has completely overcome Paris, and every critic is agreed that her artistry is greater than ever it was. New York was even more enraptured, and one captivated admirer said that to rank her second to Pavlova was to make an invidious comparison, because she is second to none in her own individual way. In the big picture La Argentina is seen in "La Malaguena," in which she portrays a fish-seller, which is one of several new dances she is introducing to London

Photograph: d'Ora, Paris

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

*Miss Tempest
as Always*

IN ANSWER TO THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER: HENRY DANIELL, CELIA JOHNSON

ALLUREMENT:
BARBARA HOFFE

QUESTION, asked by two out of every three clients (including the critics) of the new comedy featuring Miss Marie Tempest: Why *The Vinegar Tree*? Answer: It is American for walnut tree.

Supplementary questions: Why choose an American title for a play with an Essex background? What, anyway, has a walnut tree to do with the play? Is the tree in the courtyard of the last act a walnut? If so, why does nobody mention it? Or is it to do with the necessary beating of women, dogs, and walnut trees? If so, why is nobody beaten? Daddy, doesn't the husband of that handsome actress in the spotted dress ever beat her, like I would?

The play was American, but was transferred for Miss Tempest from an up-State mansion in New England to one of England's stately homes in an unfrequented county. The title, presumably, was left as before because vinegar tree sounded so much more ornate, euphonious, intriguing, or what have you. As for its meaning, only the author (Mr. Paul Osborn) and those who read his original script can explain. It has been sunk without trace in the required adaptation.

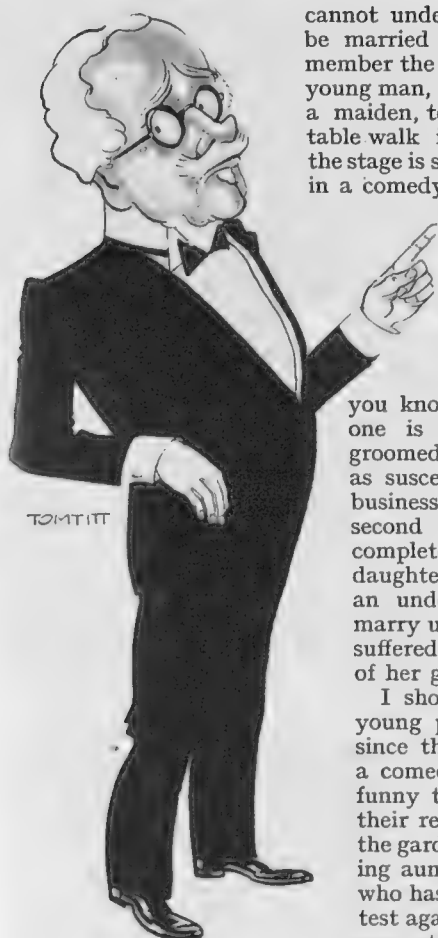
It does not matter much, in any case. I believe an amusing comedy about elopement could successfully, and irrelevantly, be called "The Singing Hollyhock." *The Vinegar Tree* is amusing without the least doubt. Its original ran for many months on Broadway. The length of the run in London will depend on how far Miss Tempest's charm can adjust

the balance of construction, which must have been altered to accommodate her talents.

Since lots of years ago, any play in which Marie Tempest appears is either written with herself in mind, or else is adapted for her special needs. Her public demand the same basic part and the same supplementary mannerisms. She must be the attractively foolish woman at odds with misunderstood circumstance, who tries to grab at life before the years decline too far, and who must use tremolo inflections, pat her hair, open her hands, gurgle with laughter or slighted dignity, and find plenty of provocation to be brilliantly arch. And the glitter must focus upon herself whenever she occupies the stage, or the audience (which always applauds her first entrance for exactly the same fraction of a minute) will be resentful.

Here they are again, all of them. Miss Tempest is given a scattered memory and a desire to flutter away from a blustering old husband. He is made to look bloater-faced, but his chief fault is that he will not play up to her attitudes, nor accept as cream the skimmed milk of her recollections. She complains that her lovely younger sister, being married too much (three times, and a lover is in the house by assignation),

MEDALS AND ALL:
FREDERICK NOYES.



PORTRAIT OF A CURMUDGEON: GRAHAM BROWNE

cannot understand what it is like to be married too little. Let her remember the sister's lover as a faraway young man, who, when she herself was a maiden, took her for an unforgettable walk in a field of daisies, and the stage is set for Miss Marie Tempest in a comedy of errors, based on her assumption that the sometime crusher of daisies has returned at last to pluck a neglected, overblown orchid.

The lover is a famous painter; and you know that artists are. This one is different. Discreet, well groomed, untemperamental, he is as susceptible to innocence as a business man in search of his second youth. A sextette is completed by Miss Tempest's daughter from Cambridge, and an undergraduate who will not marry until she has lived, loved, suffered, and thereafter come out of her gauche little self.

I should have liked to see this young pair more often together, since their earnest adolescence is a comedy in itself. They are so funny that one wants to follow their retreats for experience into the garden, the boy with the alluring aunt, the girl with the artist, who has been shocked by her protest against virginity. And when separation makes them too unhappy, a new form in humour comes from the way in which they rush, with rich awkwardness, into bunny-hugs.

Miss Tempest's, however, are inevitably the best moments. She makes it possible for an audience almost to see her haphazard mind moving from one illusion to the next. Believing Max Lawrence, the artist, to be a pianist, she discusses how Botticelli should be played. Discovering that he is a painter, she claims to resemble a Holstein portrait, and proves her superiority to Essex taste by showing a print of "The Monarch of the Glen." The mechanics of her scene with Henry Daniell, as Max, are old stuff in terms of stage misunderstandings (the woman assuming an elopement with herself, the man leading up to a declaration for her daughter). Exact timing and first-class acting make them seem unusual. The man's realisation of what the woman expects could seem a well-worn effect; but Henry Daniell adds personal pungency through the manner in which he lets horror float across his features.

Miss Tempest's most effective scene is nevertheless the only one without her comedy mannerisms. She descends to the garden in the middle of a hot night, wearing pyjamas that do not become her. She looks at a crayon sketch of her face, done by Max, and realises from its lines that middle-aged mutton has been behaving like spring lamb. The husband, also sleepless, finds her for once in a natural mood, and is surprised into giving consolation instead of ridicule. Sure pathos emerges from every line and gesture. Here is proof (if it be needed) that, were she not endlessly chained to the rôle of a woman of light, attractive futilities, she could reveal herself as an actress with much wider scope.

The scene also suggests that she is at her best when the stage is not crowded except by her own personality. No admirer could claim that she shines when the action requires her to help supporting players, instead of permitting them

to help in sustaining her lead. In *The Vinegar Tree's* last act the daughter is to elope with Max, but Max sends her off instead with the undergraduate, after he has observed a last unhappy bunny-hug. This requires the fullest concentration on Henry Daniell, Celia Johnson, and Louis Hayward, all of whom perform their parts with satisfying excellence. One is made uneasy, however, by the feeling that the high spot of attention must be reserved for Marie Tempest as the mother parted from both her daughter and her illusions (including the one about youth's sweet sin—she remembers in the end that the young man who fondled among the daisies was not called Max Lawrence but Lawrence Max).

That, meanwhile—the insistent featuring of Marie Tempest—is what the public requires, and what it pays to see. An indefinable asset in personality maintains her as one of the three best draws for London box-offices, and at this stage of her career producers have no option except to subordinate the play to her performance. This comedy at the St. James's fills the bill in providing the right medium for our best-loved comedy-actress. It may mean next to nothing as a portrait of contemporary life, but it is witty, highly amusing, and admirably produced in terms of a repetition of the attractive rôle of Miss Tempest as always.

THE FOOLISH WOMAN, AS BEFORE: MARIE TEMPEST



VIRGINITY AT ARM'S LENGTH: CELIA JOHNSON, LOUIS HAYWARD

The other parts are as well cast and interpreted as is technically possible. The daughter suits Celia Johnson (one dreads that she should do anything so harmful to her charm as to live, love, suffer, and come out more than is normally necessary, since she is so much better "in").

Louis Hayward, who partners her, is completely convincing, and plays twenty-one as though he well understood how much that age can hurt. Graham Browne seems at times too rude to be true as the boorish husband, but his acting is almost as ably planned as his production. I have said enough about Henry Daniell's merits. Barbara Hoffe, as the sister, perhaps has the most difficult job, which requires her to "feed" the other characters copiously and untiringly, as though she were throwing fish to performing sea-lions. Her aim is perfect and finely professional; and her well-rounded beauty provides, as well, the comedy's best decoration.

"KING WILLOW" COMES INTO HIS OWN



THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS TEAM

Truman Howell

(Standing) E. Knight, Captain Pat Brain, Major J. David, Captain L. Foster-Stedman, Colonel Gordon Phillips, Mr. T. Jones and Captain G. R. Bradshaw. (Seated) Mr. W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H. (the new Master of the North Cotswold), Mr. Peter Clay (Captain), Mr. C. C. Llewellyn Williams, M.F.H. (Joint Master of Viscount Tredegar's Hounds), Mr. L. E. W. Williams and Major Sir Geoffrey Byass, Bt



THE FREE FORESTERS TEAM

Truman Howell

(Seated) R. C. Dobson, Squadron-Leader R. Sugden, Mr. Miller (Captain), Colonel Master, and G. S. Wills. (Standing) Mr. Holt, R. F. Skelton, A. Ashley, R. Macnab and H. K. Gillson. (In front) S. Hill



THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY XI

Truman Howell

(Standing) G. A. Bench, Lieut. W. R. Cox, Captain W. L. Leslie, Lieut. R. C. Barrow, Lieut. D. Colville and Captain R. L. B. Perse. (Seated) Lieut. V. W. Rees, Captain H. P. Miles, Captain R. L. Green, Captain V. H. Crane and Major A. C. L. D. Lees



THE GENTLEMEN OF HEREFORDSHIRE

Truman Howell

(Seated) Captain R. Wood Power, Mr. Foley, Colonel M. Thorneycroft, Mr. R. E. Abbott and Mr. S. T. Freeman. (Standing) Umpire, Messrs. J. Goodwin, S. Morris, C. H. Chatham, C. F. Cox, D. A. Cocks, H. A. Picton and E. E. Morris



THE GUARDS BRIGADE XI

Crisp

(Left to right, back row) Corporal Knight (umpire), Corporal Harris, Lieut. F. S. S. Lamprey, Sergeant Leeks, Lieut. J. S. Meikle, Lieut. M. V. Fletcher, Lieut. R. C. L. Kennaway. (Front row) Lieut. F. J. Piggott, Captain W. C. D. Greenacre, Captain P. S. Gregson, Ellis (Captain), Lieut. J. C. Lewis and Lieut. M. L. Jackson



THE I ZINGARI

Crisp

(Back row, left to right) Raggett (umpire), Captain G. A. Drury, Major G. H. M. Cartwright, Colonel N. Mulloy, Mr. R. C. Mordaunt, M. Wolfe-Murray, Mr. K. E. Crawley, Mr. C. L. Crawley. (Front row) Commander C. F. Bowlby, General Sir R. Bannatine Allason, Captain N. C. Tufnell (Captain), Colonel C. McRae, Commander C. E. Douglas Pennant

Touching wood—and willow for choice—recent events persuade us that cricket at last is going to get the chance it deserves after two quite execrable seasons which almost bowled it out middle stump and hit it very badly financially. These teams form quite a good diary of some less important encounters, and the people in them will no doubt find them a memento of pleasant occasions. To descend to a few details, the South Wales Hunts were defeated in their encounter with the Free Foresters at Tredegar Park, Newport. Mr. W. W. B. Scott is not strictly South Wales. He is the former Master of the Portman. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry beat the Gentlemen of Hereford at Hereford; and the I Z and the Guards Brigade groups were taken at Aldershot

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



No. III—WALTON HEATH

Some of the celebrities at the famous Surrey links, which are acknowledged to be some of the best within easy reach of London. The station is Tadworth, and the Golf Club is only one mile away. James Braid, the doughty Scotsman, is the "pro." His first win in the Open Championship at Muirfield happened in 1901, and afterwards he won at St. Andrew's in 1905. Muirfield again in 1906, Prestwick in 1908, and St. Andrew's again in 1910. The Secretary of Walton Heath, with whom the artist says Lord Riddell is having a few kind words, is Mr. G. J. Hawker. The next series of Famous Golf Clubs will be Lytham and St. Anne's



THE MANOR

From the picture by



FARM SALE

by C. CUNDALL



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"



"THE UMPIRE WHO CONFESSED HE WASN'T LOOKING"

Specially printed and mounted copies, in colour, of these two clever pictures by the famous artist, H. M. Bateman, can be obtained on application to Dept. E, "The Tatler," 346, Strand, W.C. 2. Size of work, 14 in. by 10 in. on plate-sunk mount 25 in. by 20 in. Copies 10s. 6d. each. Proofs signed by artist, 20s. each. Further pictures by the same artist can also be obtained. Particulars and small reproductions of the entire series will be sent post free on application

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



OH YEAH!

A LITERARY GARDEN PARTY

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM AND MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY
AT THE WINDMILL PRESS GARDEN PARTYMISS SOPHIE
WYSS AND
SIR HENRY WOODMRS. SPEARS (MARY BORDEN) AND MRS. DOUBLEDAY.
AT TEA-TIME

This Garden Party, organised by the famous publishers, Heinemann's, at the Windmill Press, Kingswood, Tadworth, was definitely severely literary and artistic. Mr. John Galsworthy had just handed in the MS of his new novel, *Flowering Wilderness*, which will appear in the autumn. Mr. J. B. Priestley and his wife came to watch the last of the enormous edition of his new novel, *Faraway*, through the Press. Mr. Cunningham Graham is the author of many books, *The Horses of the Revolution* amongst others. Mrs. Spears (Mary Borden) has just returned from America. Sir Henry Wood is with the singer, Miss Sophie Wyss. Sir Henry has shortly returned from a festival of Contemporary Music at Zurich. Mrs. Doubleday, who is with Mrs. Spears, is the wife of the well-known publisher. A performance of *Maria Marten* was given by the Windmill (Press) Players

A CRIER ANNOUNCING THE
START OF "MARIA MARTEN"

Subject your face to the following examination!



DENEYER

For summer loveliness cleanse and protect your skin with these Elizabeth Arden Preparations:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves the skin soft and receptive 4/6 8/6 12/6 22/6

VENETIAN VELVA CREAM . . . A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening. It keeps the skin soft and fine-textured . . . velvety. 4/6 8/6 12/6 22/6

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD . . . A rich cream that keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows 4/6 7/6 12/6 18/6 35/-

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ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM . . . A thick, velvety preparation which acts as an invisible waterproof and weatherproof film to protect the skin from freckling, burning and coarsening. Incidentally, it offers the loveliest of all evening make-ups. Pure White, Rachel, Naturelle, Bronze. Jar, 12/6 Tube, 6/6

LILLE LOTION . . . A superb foundation for day or evening make-up, and a protection against wind and freckles. Eight shades, 6/6 10/6

- Sometime soon, when you are alone, take your mirror to the window of your room and face the facts
- First, examine your face as a whole. Does it look clear and young and fresh . . . or old and lined and tired? Is the general tone of your skin clear, or is it cloudy?
- Then, look closely at your neck. Does it resemble smooth white satin or coarse crepe?
- Now your chin. Are the pores so small as to be practically imperceptible? Or are they noticeably, unprettily large?
- Then your mouth. Is it sweet and happy, like a baby's? Or does it turn up from derision, down from age or ennui?
- Next your nose. Not the shape, mind you. Often, that doesn't matter. The texture of it. Is it fine and smooth? Or is it large-pored and coarse?
- Now up to your forehead. Is it smooth and white and lofty, or is it corrugated with lines?
- If . . . and be quite frank about it . . . your answers to all the first questions are Yes, then a thorough Cleansing, Toning, Nourishing regime according to Miss Arden's instructions is all you need for the present. If . . . and be equally frank about it . . . your answer to the second question regarding each feature is, in any case, yes . . . then you are in need of an Elizabeth Arden Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment and the advice your attendant will give you for correcting your short-comings

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Raoul Barba

Who is to be the leading lady in John Van Druten's next, which will be a highly dramatic play, so they say. This snapshot of the famous young actress was taken at Monte Carlo. Mr. Van Druten's murder thriller, "Somebody Knows," finished its run at the St. Martin's Theatre last week

THEY had just bought a second-hand car and were out for their first trip in the machine. They covered several miles, when the driver felt that something was wrong, and brought the car to a halt by the roadside.

"Have a look at the back tyre on your side, dear," he said to his wife, "and see if there is anything wrong with it."

"Oh, it's quite all right," reported the wife, after a careful scrutiny. "It's flat at the bottom, but it's round enough at the top."

In answer to the advertisement, "Horse and cow for sale," Farmer Jones called at the farm and requested to see the animals. A lean, broken-down creature was led before him.

-Farmer Jones considered it a moment. "If that's the horse," he said at last, "I'll take the cow. If it's the cow, I'll take the horse; but if it's both, I'll take neither."

The owner of the cheap watch brought it into the jeweller's shop to see what could be done to it. "The mistake I made, of course, was in dropping it," he explained.

The jeweller shook his head sadly as he picked up the little heap of wheels and screws. "Well, I don't suppose you could help that," he said, "but the mistake you made was in picking it up again."

"Please, Madam," asked the pretty maid, "may I have Monday off to go to see my aunt?"

Before her mistress could reply, little Peggy, who had certain inside information on the subject, added her pleadings to the maid's.

"Oh, mummy," she said, "do let her. Her aunt's been made a sergeant."

The conductor handed back the two-shilling piece to the passenger. "That's a dud coin, Madam," he explained.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the woman, examining the coin. "Why, it's dated 1901. Someone would surely have noticed it before this if it were bad."

A student was short of cash. It was near the holidays, and he particularly didn't want to write home again for money. As a last resort he pawned his dress suit. When the time came to leave for home, the suit was still unredeemed. He hurriedly scraped together enough cash to get it back, packed it in his bag and set off for home.

That evening his mother was helping him to unpack. "What is this ticket on your coat for?" she asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I went to a dance the other evening, and that's the cloak-room ticket."

In another moment she came to his dress trousers. They too were ticketed. "George," she said, in a horrified voice, "what kind of a dance was that?"

Little Betty returned from her first visit to Sunday School eating toffee.

"Who gave you the sweets?" asked her mother.

"I bought them with the penny you gave me," said Molly. "I met the minister at the door, so I got in for nothing."

At the Spring meeting of a certain golf club the local "tiger" was drawn against one of the long-handicap players, and much amusement and interest was taken in the game. It was seen to finish on the last green, and the club secretary went forward to discover the result.

"I won," said the long-handicap man, excitedly.

"Yes," growled the scratch player, "with the help of the Almighty, fifteen strokes, and three stymies."



Paul Tanqueray

THE HON. MRS. IAN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

A recent portrait of Lord and Lady Beaverbrook's only daughter, who was married in 1927 to Mr. Ian Douglas Campbell, who is heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Argyll, the present Duke being a bachelor and having no brother

"No woman who has known the joy of pearls can face life again without them"

... .Ciro is a wonderful friend to people like myself, who have lost their wealth but not their good taste"

[Extract from customer's letter No. 28/130]



Miss Betty Stockfeld wearing a new and exquisite Ciro creation; a Pearl Collar charmingly enriched with Diamond and Emerald motifs.

Pearls do more than adorn beauty—they promote it. They are more than an ornament — they are an increment. A woman's beauty is enhanced the very moment she puts them on. The fabulous price of natural pearls is due to Nature's inefficiency. The moderate price of Ciro Pearls is due to human intelligence.

Otherwise they are as alike as rain-drops on the window-pane. Indeed the difficulty is not to prove they look alike but to prove that they do not. Even experts cannot do that.

PROVE FOR YOURSELF THAT CIRO PEARLS WILL ADD TO YOUR CHARM

Ciro will accept the verdict of your mirror. Prove for yourself that the flawless untouched beauty of the sea pearl belongs also to the Ciro Pearl — prove for yourself that Ciro Pearls will radiate an indefinable 'something' that—was not there before. Prove this in any Ciro salon. If

you cannot call, write for new lavishly illustrated Catalogue No. 8, of Ciro Pearls and Jewels. Whatever you choose will be yours for a fortnight to wear, to criticise and compare with real. If you can detect any difference your money will be refunded without question.

THE FAMOUS CIRO PEARL NECKLET, 16" IN LENGTH, COMPLETE WITH REAL PLATINUM OR GOLD CLASP AND CASE, STILL COSTS BUT ONE GUINEA.

Ciro Pearls

48 OLD BOND ST., W. ★ 178 REGENT ST., W. ★ 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM. LEEDS, SHEFFIELD, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL, BRISTOL, DUBLIN

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By



FIELD OFFICERS OF THE GUARDS BRIGADE

Photographs: Mrs. Albert Broom

The names in this interesting group are, reading left to right: Colonel L. M. Gregson, O.B.E. (Irish Guards), Major A. F. L. Gordon, D.S.O., M.C. (Irish Guards), Colonel J. E. Gibbs, M.C. (Coldstream Guards), Colonel R. E. K. Leatham, D.S.O. (Welsh Guards), Colonel E. C. T. Warner, D.S.O., M.C. (Scots Guards). Colonel L. M. Gregson is the O.C. the Regiment and Regimental District, the Irish Guards; Colonel J. E. Gibbs is the O.C. the Regiment and Regimental District, the Coldstream Guards; and Colonel R. E. K. Leatham is the O.C. the Regiment and Regimental District, the Welsh Guards; and Colonel E. C. T. Warner holds a similar rank in the Scots Guards.

HOW terribly unobservant some of us are and how completely unfitted to be either sleuths, or even intelligent witnesses, is forcefully emphasised by this bit about the Olympia Horse Show (harness classes):

Amid the silence of admiration their flashing white hocks rise and fall; they come to a standstill, and as the black-coated judges affix the winning rosettes the pent-up applause crashes forth afresh.

I never saw this. What a bad time the wretched coachmen must have had, and I hope they are making as good progress as can be expected under the circumstances!

And talking of this and the quickness of some people in the up-take, I was taken flat aback, as you might say, about what a "crime reporter" had to say concerning a triple murder in which the corpses were found at some distance from one another, and each had been shot. He said:

The police are therefore working on the theory that all three were murdered. They had been dead some hours.

How they think of these things I don't know.

This reminds me of another rather gruesome case—a most baffling murder—on to which a most enthusiastic young police officer was turned. He could not get any of his myrmidons even to show a sign of feathering on the line of the criminal, let alone throw their tongues. So he said: "Enough of this blinkin' bungling! We will go to that old well yonder and I'll show you how a tec should work!"

The whole posse was paraded and advanced cautiously on its objective. When they got to the well the smart young officer leant over and, making a megaphone of his hands, shouted in a rather shaky voice:

"Hullo! Hullo! Anyone down there?"



MAJOR-GENERAL

A. B. E. CATOR, C.B., D.S.O.

General Cator commanded the Scots Guards and the Regimental District from 1920 to 1924; he got a brigade in 1924, was promoted Major-General the following year and then commanded the Lucknow District from 1927 to 1931.

A book which I feel sure a host of people will love when it comes out in its entirety is "Border Sport and Sportsmen," by a friend of mine and a good many other people, Tommy Fergusson, who is himself a Borderer. It is a fascinating region, as even my small experience of it tells me, for the only packs I have hunted with more or less close up are the Buccleuch and the Lauderdale; but he would be a dull-pated oaf indeed who drew no inspiration from a region haunted by the wraiths of fighting men and of people like Thomas the Rhymer, Michael Scott the Magician, whose pet Devil was responsible for the Three Eildons, put up, as the legend says, to get one back on the Monks of Melrose, with whom Michael was at cross-purposes; of the Faery Queen who is still living in the Eildons with Thomas the Rhymer, of Kinmont Willie, of "Auld Wat of Harden," of the Fair Maid of Lilliar, who fought so gallantly at Ancrum Moor even after losing both her legs, and of King Arthur himself, over some of whose battlefields you are most likely to hunt.

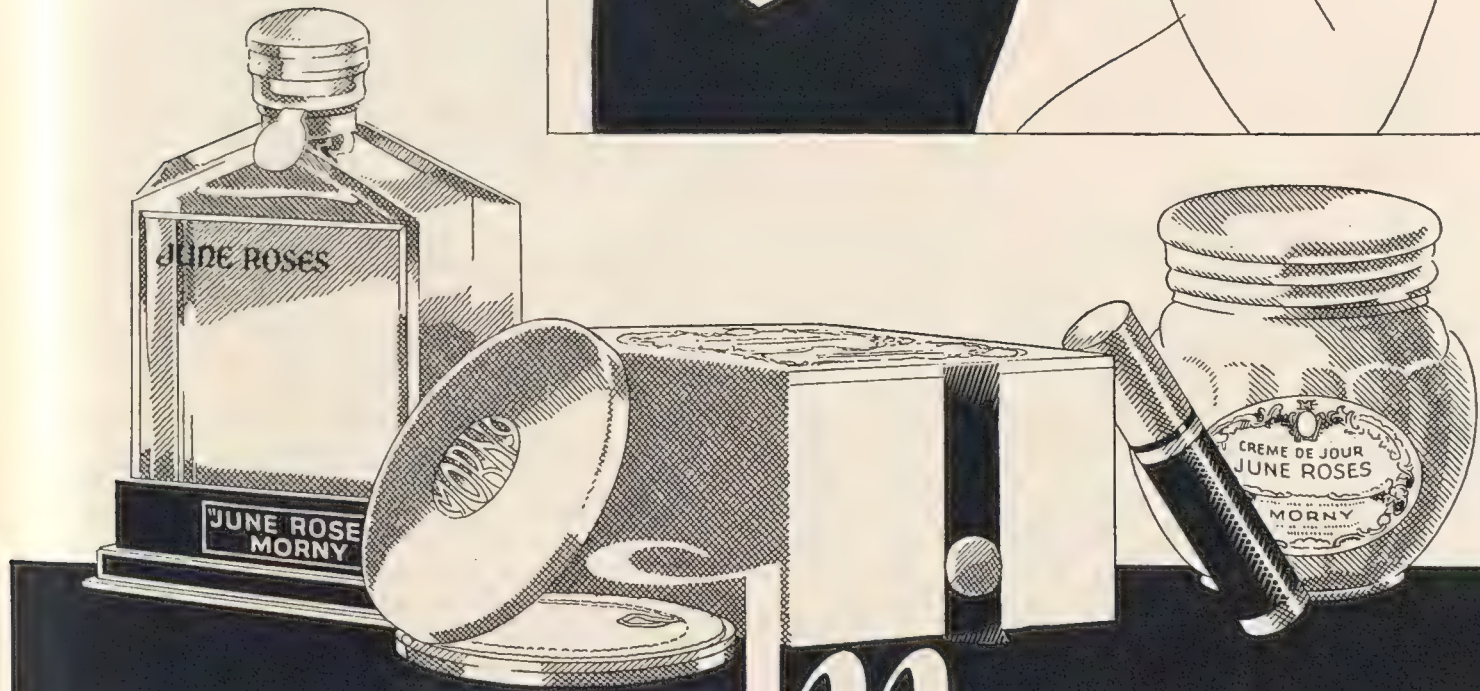
Fighting and Sport have ever gone hand in hand down the ages, and one of the most memorable of Border actions, and incidentally one of the "cleanest" fights in history, Chevy Chase, and this country, of which Tommy Fergusson writes with such natural affection and with such wide knowledge, is as saturated with the blood of fine fighting men as it is with the best traditions of sport. Tommy Fergusson's picture gallery includes of course the M.F.H. of the Border Foxhounds, Mr. Jacob Robson, Lord Southampton, Lord "Bulldog" Bellew, Johnnie McKie, George Lambton (on a horse just to show the present generation that they could sit on 40 years ago) and heaps more. Ireland, New Zealand and Northumberland are also included. It is a capital effort and I am sure will interest a tremendous number of people both near and far.

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Morny you will find expression given
to your most delicate tastes. Use
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AIR EDDIES * By OLIVER STEWART

Blind Flying.

PEOPLE get used to things too quickly; whether it be a rising of the sun or the income tax; a sinking of shares or spirits; a novelty in flying, finances, fashions or figures, it will be accepted to-day without even the tribute of a polite gasp. The more the newspapers use the epithet "sensational," the less sensation do their readers experience; for the capacity to wonder has been mislaid by this generation. Everything, from the cosmos to camiknickers, is taken for granted; and space-time itself receives no more respect than a new metric in millinery—usually less. Probably the reason is that the marvels of to-day—and blind flying is certainly one of them—are too marvellous. Like an overdose of alcohol, they outstrip the capacity for assimilation and provoke a maudlin mezzo-consciousness. Yet the capacity to wonder is worth cherishing, both for its own sake and as a tribute to those who do great deeds. Therefore we should cultivate the goggle, the gape, and the gasp and retain at all costs the power to be staggered. As Picasso remarks, according to Jean Cocteau, everything is a miracle. It is a miracle that we do not melt in our baths like a lump of sugar.

Many things in flying have been accepted too easily. It is doubtful, for example, if we understand or attempt to understand what 407½ miles an hour—Flight-Lieut. Stainforth's speed—really is. Certainly we have accepted blind flying too easily. Regarded objectively, it is the greatest triumph of the instrument makers, in that they have succeeded in reducing the "instinct" of the birds to its component parts and in expressing those parts with a few instrument needles.

There has been much discussion lately on the value of blind flying. With the object of presenting to *Tatler* readers a clear conception of what blind flying is and what it does at the earliest possible moment, I have, with the co-operation of Captain Duncan Davis and Mr. S. A. Thorn, been going through the full course, with the latest instruments and instructional methods, as it is now practised at the Brooklands School of Flying. It is my intention to describe this course briefly in future issues, so as to enable pilots, both professional and amateur, to judge for themselves whether blind flying ought to become part of their technique.

Before leaving the subject it should be emphasised that blind flying is not new; it is the way it is now done that is new. In 1918, when I was in charge of the flying at Orfordness experimental station, there was there a blind flying "circus" under Major Hemming and Captain Barrett. It was being trained to fly blind for the purpose of doing bombing raids in bad weather. But the old static head-turn indicator was a clumsy and ineffective instrument compared with the

gyroscopic Reid - Sigrist turn-indicator of to-day. Orfordness, however, has this point for which it deserves recognition: it was, I think, the place that first thought of the use of the hood completely covering the pilot's cockpit for the teaching of blind flying. It is the hood that makes the teaching and practice of blind flying possible, now as then.

Air Garden Parties.

The Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party

at Hanworth was a good idea well carried out and favoured by good weather. And there is no place that looks better in fine weather than the Hanworth club-house. Whether Mr. C. R. Fairey, who is President of the Society, thought of the idea of holding a garden party on an aerodrome I do not know; certainly the scheme is worth developing. It has been popular for a long time in service aviation, and there is plenty of scope for it in civil.

A large number of interesting aircraft were on view, including the Avro Cadet, the A.W.XVI., the Arrow Active, and the Fox Moth. Flight-Lieut. Staniland gave a masterly display in the Firefly, and the Hawker Hart, which is the Firefly's friendly rival on many of these occasions, also performed with remarkable address in the hands of Mr. Sayer. The number of people who attended was large—some said about 600—and a good many took advantage of the opportunity to go for a flight.

Hamble and Heston.

More than 200 hours were flown last month on the civilian side of Air Service Training, Ltd., of Hamble, and people of many different nationalities are undergoing training there now. Officers from the Greek Naval Air Force, the Norwegian Air Force, and the Siamese Air Force have all been taking special courses. Lord Amherst, M. Bret (who flew up from Cannes a short time ago on one of his too rare visits), Mr. Seilern, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Wilson are also taking special courses; and Messrs. Garnder, Kennedy, Almond, and Beckmann have been going through for their "B" licences.

At Heston activity has been intensive lately. There, more than anywhere else, the increasing frequency of intercourse between England and France is particularly noticeable. It is not unusual for the Customs at Heston to be kept busy from eight in the morning to nine at night. Sometimes in the day a dozen machines will clear Customs for France and Belgium. The Heston Coat of Arms, which has been designed by the College of Arms and officially granted to the Heston and Isleworth Urban District Council, contains "Two Wings Conjoined in Base Argent," in recognition of the Airport. This is the first time in which aviation has taken its place in municipal armorial bearings and is a most encouraging sign. It shows that the pioneer work of Airwork, Ltd., is being recognised.



Kay Vaughan

SIX THOUSAND MILES IN SEVEN DAYS: MRS. MANSFIELD-MARKHAM'S PERFORMANCE


After an experience of only 100 hours previous flying, Mrs. Mansfield Markham flew from her husband's estate in Kenya to Heston; 6000 miles in seven days—a magnificent performance and one which surprised the officials at Heston. Mrs. Mansfield Markham is a sister-in-law of Sir Charles Markham



Arthur Owen

IN LONDON TOWN LAST WEEK

At a party given by the Countess of Lathom, and in the front of the picture are Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, who has been a very keen aviator for years, and Sir Joseph Duveen so famous in the art world; and at the back in the centre is Mr. Eustace Robb



THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

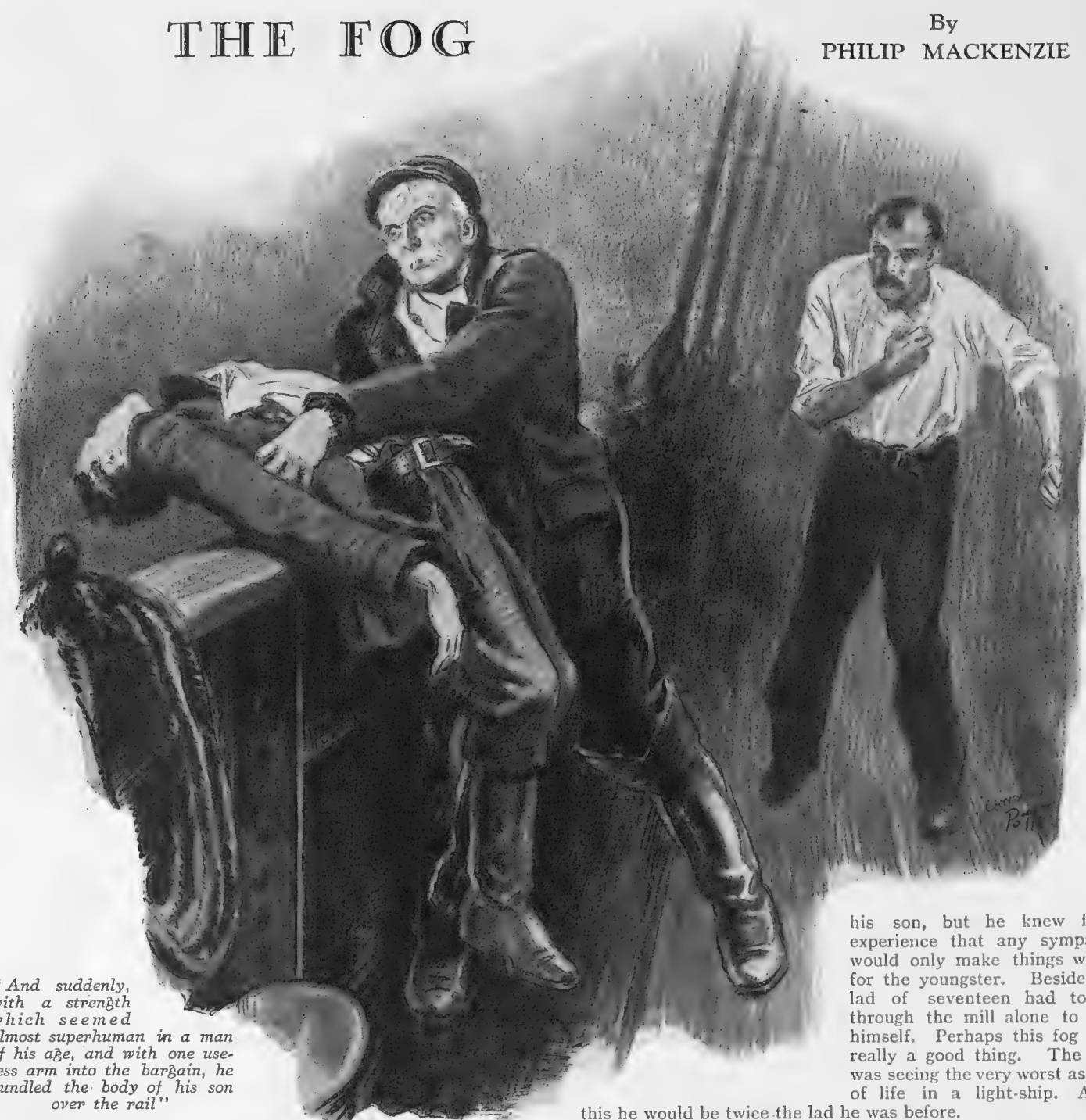
JULY, 1932

1st to 10th Inclusive

- 1st. Dominion Day, Canada.
Racing. Newmarket.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Athletics. Amateur Athletic Association Championships (Stamford Bridge).
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships, Wimbledon.
Shows. Horse and Hound, Aldershot.
Yachting. Royal Harwich Regatta, Felixstowe.
- 2nd. **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Hamilton Park and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings.
Athletics. Amateur Athletic Association Championships, Stamford Bridge.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships, Wimbledon.
Polo. Inter-Regimental Tournament final, Hurlingham.
Handicap Cup Final, Ranelagh.
Shows. Horse and Hound, Aldershot.
Yachting. Royal Harwich Regatta, Felixstowe.
- 4th. **Racing.** Nottingham meeting.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's.
Croquet. Open Championships, Roehampton.
Polo. Subaltern Cup, Ranelagh. Coronation Cup, Ranelagh. Tyro Challenge Cup, Hurlingham. Show Cup, Roehampton.
Shooting. National Rifle Assoc. Meeting begins Bisley.
- 5th. **Racing.** Nottingham and Longford Meetings.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton. Champion Dog Show, Richmond.
- 5th. **Lawn Tennis.** Open Tournament (Senior), Southsea. Open Championships E. of England, Felixstowe.
- 6th. **Racing.** Pontefract Meeting.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton. British Empire Garden Party, Roehampton.
- 7th. **Racing.** Pontefract Meeting.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval. Scotland v. South Americans, Edinburgh.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.
- 8th. **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Chesham Meetings.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval. Eton v. Harrow, Lord's.
Yachting. Royal Cinque Ports Regatta, Dover. Royal Ulster Regatta, Bangor.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.
- 9th. **Racing.** Lingfield Park. Chesham, Edinburgh and Naas Meetings.
Polo. Subaltern Cup Final, Ranelagh. Coronation Cup, Ranelagh.
Games. Border Games, Jedburgh.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.
Motoring. Middlesex County A.C. 100 mile Reliability Trial.
Flying. King's Cup, Air Race, Brooklands.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE FOG

By
PHILIP MACKENZIE


"And suddenly, with a strength which seemed almost superhuman in a man of his age, and with one useless arm into the bargain, he bundled the body of his son over the rail"

THE howl of the siren went echoing away into the swirling greyness—two longs and a short. It was horrible—unearthly. It was as though the ghosts of all those to whom Shroud Shoal had brought death were wailing in unison to warn other mariners.

Samuel Thompson, the mate of the Shroud Shoal light-ship, tossed restlessly in his narrow bunk. The fog seemed to have got into his very bones and arteries and, at last, old Luke Fowler, the skipper, realizing that he was running a high temperature, had ordered him to turn in and had dosed him with a noxious mixture from the little medicine chest.

In the tiny saloon Luke Fowler sat in front of the stove chewing meditatively and wondering whether his rough and ready doctoring would have the desired effect on the mate. At the swing table, fidgeting with a dilapidated pack of cards, sat Harry the skipper's son and the only other "hand" on board. His father watched him closely for a few minutes. Harry was not used to this. He was new to the job. It was his first spell in a light-ship and it was plain that it was playing upon his nerves. Old Luke thought of the time when he had been new to the light-ship service. He remembered well enough the awful strain of the first bad fog when every fibre of his being had been stretched and torn by the incessant and tearing noise of the siren. The skipper would have liked to sympathize with

his son, but he knew from experience that any sympathy would only make things worse for the youngster. Besides, a lad of seventeen had to go through the mill alone to find himself. Perhaps this fog was really a good thing. The boy was seeing the very worst aspect of life in a light-ship. After

this he would be twice the lad he was before.

Harry looked up suddenly and caught his father's eyes upon him. He flushed quickly, as if he had been detected in some shameful act. Then he covered his confusion with a short, mirthless laugh. "Hell! How long d'you reckon this fog's going to last, dad?"

"Maybe hours, maybe days. Days, more like. The glass is —" He broke off. Once again the saloon, the whole world, was an inferno. The shriek of the fog signal filled all space, beating down relentlessly upon the men until they felt bruised and battered—scarcely able to breathe. There came a respite of three short seconds, a respite which but made the renewal of the noise the more agonizing. After the next long shriek another short respite. Then the final stab of jagged noise twanging the nerves like harp strings and making the brain reel with its expected unexpectedness. The noise ceased, died away reluctantly. For two minutes the deathly silence of the fog would reign supreme. By contrast it was almost as painful as the din of the siren. And so it would go on—one agony alternating with another every two minutes—as it had been doing for the past sixteen hours and might do for days to come.

"—right up and steady as a rock." Skipper Luke Fowler finished his sentence as though he had never been interrupted. Then he turned his attention to a week-old copy of a Sunday newspaper.

(Continued on p. 574)

SINGLE
SHAKERS**10⁶**

COCKTAILS

*as good as the ...
name they bear*

FOR those who appreciate a really good cocktail—and who like to know that they are drinking only the best—the range of Gordon's Shaker Cocktails stands supreme and in a class of its own. These Cocktails are most carefully mixed in the right proportions by Gordon's Experts—with only the very finest ingredients it is possible to obtain.

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May also be obtained in half size and miniature Shakers. At all leading Stores and Wine Merchants.

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Made by Gordon's Experts with the very finest ingredients

Gordon's

SHAKER COCKTAILS

TANQUERAY GORDON & COMPANY LIMITED, DISTILLERS, LONDON

The Fog—continued from p. 572

For half an hour he sat there, stealing furtive glances every now and then at his son, but pretending to notice nothing when he heard muttered curses, or even when he saw the lad's hands fly up to his ears in a gesture of hopeless fury. As if plugging one's ears could shut out such a noise. It would not be much good as a fog signal if it had no more penetration than that, the old man reflected grimly. He was used to it. For years he had served in light-ships, but even so he hated fog and hoped most fervently that it would lift before long. He had heard many grisly stories of the malign influence of fog, and now even he was feeling vaguely uneasy. Perhaps he had something of a premonition. Sam Thompson, sick man though he was, could not get much rest until the fog dispersed. He would go along and see how his patient was getting on.

He got up, steadying himself against the roll of the little craft, and made his way down the passage to the dark little caboose which held the three bunks. As he left the saloon he heard Harry get up with a muttered oath. Then he heard the clatter of feet as the lad climbed the iron ladder to the deck.

"Sea-sick, too, poor lad," he thought as he set about lighting the lantern which swung from the low roof.

Suddenly he dropped the match and stood tense, listening. The training and habit of years told him that two minutes had passed since the siren had last howled out its warning to unseen ships. Yet it had not come again. From down aft came a muffled hissing. That was the relief valve of the air-compressors lifting. Something was wrong.

In a moment he was up the ladder, running aft along the deck to where the fog signal stood out, a great inverted cone, against the greyness of the world.

And there, bending over the valves and pipes, he found his son, spanner in hand. At first old Luke misunderstood the situation.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "We must get it going again somehow or other, and quickly, too."

Harry looked up. The demoniac snarl which rolled back his lips and bared his strong white teeth left no room for misunderstanding. Nor did his words.

"Wrong? Yes. This bloody noise is wrong. . . . I've stopped it. That's what's wrong."

It was Luke Fowler, skipper, not old Luke Fowler, Harry's father, who replied.

"You stopped it, did ye? Well, turn it on again—at once. At once, I tell ye. Then come down to the saloon. I shall be wanting to know why that siren was stopped without orders from me."

For a moment Harry seemed to crumple beneath the tone of authority. "But I can't stand it, dad. I can't stand it another minute. It's—it's driving me mad—mad—mad, I tell you."

"Turn it on, lad, and don't be a fool. Do ye realize that every minute that signal's stopped may be sending good men to their death? Aye, and fine ships too. What's it matter if ye don't like the noise, compared with that? Turn it on. Turn it on at once."

Harry's snarl had returned. He was crouched over the control valves, wholly animal. He held the spanner threateningly. "No bloody fear, I won't. I'm fed up with the hellish row it makes. I've turned it off, and it's going to stay turned off—see? You'd best keep clear."

For a moment old Luke hesitated. Fatherhood warred with duty and long training. But it could not maintain the fight. There were men's lives at stake—women's and children's too, maybe. Fatherhood went by the board and, only one thought swayed him. The fog signal *must* be restarted, and at once. If, in order to do so, he had to knock out his own son—well, he would have to—that was all.

With an agility surprising in a man of his years he rushed upon his son. He saw the spanner raised. He dodged and lifted his right arm to guard his head. The heavy spanner would surely have split his skull if he had been a fraction less quick. As it was the blow was taken on his raised forearm.

There was a sharp crack as the bone broke, and his arm fell to his side, numb and useless.

But Luke had not waited for that blow to fall. Even as the spanner came down on his forearm, his left shot out and his great fist took his son squarely on the side of the jaw.

It was a perfect knock-out. Harry went over backwards with a grunt. His legs were caught by one of the compressed air pipes, and down he went, flat on his back on the deck.

His father hardly glanced at him. With his left hand he wrenched madly at the control valves until, with a spluttering cough, the shriek of the siren broke out again, seemingly all the more intense for having been bottled up for a few minutes.

Only then did Luke look down at his son. For a moment he stood over the prone figure. It seemed that he hardly understood what had happened. Then he was suddenly galvanized into life. He had noticed that Harry's head was resting upon a steel eye-bolt, and that from under his head a thin trickle of blood was running slowly towards the scuppers.

He jumped over the pipes. The pain of his broken arm was forgotten. He dropped on his knees beside his son.

Mumbling inane incoherencies, he lifted Harry's head and cradled it on his left arm. For perhaps two minutes he knelt thus. Then he laid his son's head down again very gently and sat back upon his heels, his eyes gazing fixedly out into the swirling fog.

Harry was dead—quite dead. Old Luke had come into contact with violent death too often to be able to make any mistake about it. Harry, his son, was dead, and he had killed him.

This was the end. Old Luke had long been a widower, and had lived only for his son. And now he had killed the object of his later years—killed him because his nerve had broken, and he had thrown a sacred duty to the winds. Harry had broken. His manhood had been tested and it had been found wanting. That meant shame. The name of Harry Fowler would always carry with it a stigma of shame. Harry, of whom he had been so proud and who had so many friends.

But need that be so? He, old Luke, had no friends to speak of. Nobody cared what happened to him. Need the name of Harry be sullied? Could it not carry with it a memory of the heroic, as Luke would have it do?

At that moment Samuel Thompson, the mate, came staggering up the hatch. His eyes were bright with fever, but he was entirely master of himself. Apparently he found nothing grotesque

in the little group by the fog signal, for he announced calmly that he had noticed that the siren had stopped and that he had come up to see if he was wanted.

Skipper Luke Fowler was also calm—calm with the same weird, unearthly calm which the fog had cast about the world.

"Sam, Harry's dead. I killed him. My nerves went. I went mad and stopped the siren, and when Harry tried to make me start it again I hit him. I've killed him. I was mad—mad with the noise of the fog signal. But never mind that now. Look here. You're mate of this packet. You've been in the light-ship service long enough to know the job. Keep the signal going until the visibility is at least two miles. You ought to be relieved to-morrow. Here are the keys of the codes. Remember, your chief duty is on no account to leave the ship until you have been relieved. Don't forget. I went mad and stopped the signal. I killed Harry when he tried to make me start it again."

And suddenly, with a strength which seemed almost superhuman in a man of his age and with one useless arm into the bargain, he bundled the body of his son over the rail.

It fell into the water with a splash which sounded very loud and significant in the blanketed silence. With a wave of his hand old Luke vaulted over the rail. There was another splash. Then the siren broke out again, shrieking as if the ghosts of all those to whom Shroud Shoal had brought death were wailing in unison to warn other mariners.



AT ROEHAMPTON: MISS JOAN RIDLEY, MR. E. T. LAMBE, AND COL. ALGY KINGSCOTE

Miss Joan Ridley was waiting to go into action at the Roehampton Overseas reception, which is held annually by the Club in conjunction with the I.L.T.C. of Great Britain

JOHNNIE WALKER

JOHNNIE WALKER

THE TATLER

JUNE 29, 1932



"I can't understand it, my dear Ponsonby. I thought it was an undisputed fact that Johnnie Walker stood entirely alone."

PETROL VAPOUR : W. G. ASTON

By

Waste and Worse.

Not every-thing that receives the dignity of print in the daily newspapers is true, and therefore I hope that the statement that the Ministry of Transport is about to embark upon a new sign-posting scheme is a *canard*, though I greatly fear it is not. Obviously when the country is broke, and every tax-payer on the verge of despair, is exactly the right time for a government department to develop some extravagantly costly and totally needless form of expenditure. For you are to know that the new sign-posts are, like so many sergeants, to discipline and guide traffic strictly "by numbers." Now I should be interested to know whether any motorist, even including the stranger within our gates, ever attempts to find his way about these islands by the method of A and B. I myself am acquainted with none who do so, or have any intention of ever doing so. From the very first this system of road nomenclature has been perfectly futile as far as the highway-using public is concerned; it may have been useful to the county councils, but I doubt whether even in that phase it has anywhere near justified its cost, and I should imagine this latter was no trifle. But far worse than all this comes the news that the blithering new sign-posts are to be let for advertising purposes. Goodness knows what ruthless vandal proposed this notion, but he deserves a statue by Epstein, and one can hardly say more than that. An old and valued friend of mine many years ago made the useful, practical, and harmless suggestion to the Post Office that they should issue booklets of stamps interleaved with revenue-producing advertisements. The idea was promptly turned down, but later put into effect, and though it brings in a very substantial sum its originator never got as much as a "thank you," for something sound and constructive, and of advantage to all concerned. But now someone has invented a new kind of eye-sore and, incidentally, a new source of confusion and danger, so it is almost certain that he will be given a peerage. This I would not grudge him, if only the scheme is squashed. Road-side advertising has already gone far past what is tolerable, and is a disgrace to the country. If I were Chancellor of the Exchequer I would not hesitate to lay a heavy impost upon these chromo-



A WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY PRIZE SHOOT

A group taken at the annual prize shoot between old comrades and serving members of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, which was held at the Punch Bowl, Burcombe, near Salisbury

The names, left to right, are: Front row—Major A. A. Bankier, the Mayor of Salisbury (Mr. J. S. Rambridge), Lieut.-Colonel E. P. Awdry, M.C. (Commanding Officer), the Mayor of Wilton (Mr. J. W. Beak), and Major the Hon. Eric Long. Back row—Lieut. Lord Ashley, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Mann, M.C., Captain O. St. M. Thynne, Lieut. the Hon. A. E. G. Herbert, Lieut. A. M. Gibb, Lieut. W. Reynish, and Captain G. L. Welstead (Adjutant).

Handford



Cox, Ripon

A FLYING HONEYMOON: MR. AND MRS. JAMES RUSSELL

Mr. and Mrs. James Russell were married at Bedale recently, and left by aeroplane on their honeymoon for an undisclosed destination. The plane was piloted by Captain Rawlin, who was with Sir Alan Cobham when he made his record flight to Africa. The bride-groom is a member of the Yorkshire Flying Club, and is an officer in the 4th Batt. Green Howards. The bride, who was Miss W. Hammond, is a daughter of Councillor C. Hammond, J.P., of Firby Hall, near Bedale, and has been a prominent V.A.D.

enamelolitho abominations, and I reckon that 3d. a square foot would yield some millions. Of course, the Transport Ministry's idea is that the advertisements will pay for the sign-posts. Which is well enough. But the public does not want the new sign-posts, and definitely it is dead against the advertisements. I suppose no one can blame the Ministry's numerous officials for evolving schemes which will justify their existence, but

my conviction is that it is high time this organization were thrust into some back office of the Board of Trade, merely on the ground that as it stands to-day it is a luxury that we can't afford. It would be all to the good if several other Ministries were similarly dealt with.

The Ultimate.

When I was a youth I often heard bold blades declare that they "didn't care a Continental" about this or that. The bottom of that expression has now been thoroughly knocked out, for I take it that the epithet to most of us nowadays connotes not that "dam" that the boring, but scholarly correspondents of "The Sunday Times" recently decided was a coin of minute value, but a thing of much price (and what is not always the same thing, worth), to wit, the latest and finest expression of the Rolls-Royce Phantom II. What a motor-car! There is less doubt than ever that it is the best in the world. It may not actually be the fastest touring vehicle produced (though on average I believe it to be very nearly so), but it is certainly the fastest amongst all cars that really pretend to qualities of silence, smoothness, and supreme comfort. And a more delicious thing to drive was never created, for it has all the ease of handling of a light car, with the added grace of a divine stability and controllability that no light car could conceivably have. No one is justified in taking liberties with any motor car, but surely you can confidently take more liberties with the Rolls than with any other for, just as it is the best, so it is the safest car that engineering genius has ever created. On one of my journeys I took with me a wight who, whilst not a motor-phobe, strongly holds that we travel much too fast, and it was very pleasant to note how quickly he was converted to the belief that, given the

(Continued on p. xvi.)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KINGBY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE PRINCE OF WALES

Intiguing, this motoring, undoubtedly. Speed is the first new thrill for centuries. Curious how drivers vary and cars more so. Happy fussy fat ones, others long, lithe and insolent. Some sensitive and powerful, many purposeless, impertinent.

The ladies, bless their hearts, care not why the wheels go round. Absorbed enthusiasts argue of brakes and fuel, cams and gears. In a varied world one thing is uniform. Castrol—"because the instruction book says so." Campbell chose it. So English. Record sales last year.



The highway of Fashion-

By M. E. BROOKE

ALTHOUGH June will not be over until to-morrow, the sales have arrived with their gilt-edge investments, which are of greater value than ever. Silver fox stoles are being offered for a few pounds; it seems incredible that such a short time ago they were worth over a hundred; and there are those of blue fox—they are more costly; and, of course, coats of all the furs that are modish to suit all exchequers. Dresses of white piqué and kindred fabrics are available for ten shillings, and there are little dance frocks for about a sovereign. Furthermore, there are wonderful bargains in stockings, gloves, shoes, pochettes, and other desirable accessories

THERE are many attractions at Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly, W.1) sale, especially in the knit-wear department, where the originals of the photographs on this page may be seen. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the garments are woven on scientific lines, which gives them an ultra-smart appearance. At the top of the page is a jaska wool suit which is available in three small sizes and many shades for 70s. The stockinette dress, with its simulated basque and belt, has lace wool sleeves and vest, the new epaulette sleeves being of stockinette; it is 30s. The wool jumper on the left is ribbed at the waist, and costs a pound



PICTURES BY BLAKE



All for Beauty



To look Your Loveliest

Both for daytime and evening the loveliest finish for your skin is achieved with the famous HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations.

First, a thorough cleansing with LUXURIA Cream to freshen, soften and soothe the skin. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Astringent Tonic to refresh and brighten it.

Lastly, smooth on a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM. Instantly it clears, whitens, provides the perfect base for your powder.

If you prefer a vanishing cream instead, use the delightful AYERISTOCRAT VANISHING CREAM. Dust lightly with BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER, an exquisite blend that lends the whole face a natural, yet flattering loveliness. You will be wholly enchanted with the delicate perfection of this finish.

And remember, as the basis of all skin loveliness stands LUXURIA, the foundation of all beauty. It is famed for its sweet purity. Liked for its cool feel on the skin. Approved for its results by a whole generation of lovely women.

LUXURIA costs 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9. EAU DE BEAUTÉ 4/-, 8/-.
BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-.
BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER 4/3.
AYERISTOCRAT VANISHING CREAM 2/3, 4/-, 7/6.

What make-up should you use?

What is the best treatment for your skin?

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, and get expert advice. Or write for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

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BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE, W. 2

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PARK 1200

SALE

commences

MONDAY

4TH JULY

Doors open 10 a.m. first day

SEND A POSTCARD NOW

for Illustrated Catalogue of exceptional bargains in Tailor Suits, Wraps & Coats, Gowns, Hats, Blouses, Lingerie, and Sports Wear.

This Model Coat in Blue
Tweed, with Ocelot collar.
Lined Crêpe-de-
Chine. Sale Price 14 gns.



Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

(Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel)

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Entire Surplus Stock.

Monday, July 4, is a red-letter day in the calendar of the well-dressed woman, as it is then Bradley's (Chepstow Place) summer sale begins. The catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are original Paris model tailored suits from 6½ guineas to 14 guineas, original prices being from £28 to £70. There are fur-trimmed coats from 5½ guineas, and a wrap coat in blue, yellow, red, and white tartan is 4½ guineas, original price, 14 guineas. Again there are dinner-gowns at bargain prices. This season's millinery is drastically marked down to clearing prices, a large selection being from 15s. 9d.

Regardless of Cost.

During the sale that is in progress at Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W., all surplus stock must be sold regardless of cost, and among the innumerable gilt-edged investments are those portrayed on this page. The 47 in. long natural western musquash coat is 12½ guineas, while the silver fox stole is 12 guineas; there are others ranging in price from 10 to 40 guineas. There are a very limited number of short lambs'-paw coats for 5 guineas, while full length seal coney coats with South American skunk collars are 7½ instead of 14 guineas.

News from Birmingham.

And Marshall and Snelgrove, Warwick House, Birmingham, are having a sale, and every woman will be delighted to hear that they are making a feature of a dull-tone silk stocking for 5s. 11d. per pair, usual price 10s. 6d. Again there are the West of England wear-clean doeskin gloves of the pull-on character, every pair guaranteed; they are only 3s. 11d. per pair; they are usually sold at 7s. 11d. Then there are dinner frocks of angel skin lace for 3½ guineas, original price 7½ guineas; there are about fifteen different designs.

Great Bargains Everywhere.

There are great bargains in all departments at Jay's (Regent Street) summer sale; the brochure will be sent on application. There are ensembles with collarless coats, and printed chiffon sleeveless frocks, posed on georgette, for £7; hand-made blouses in satin beauté are a guinea, and this is likewise the cost of those of crêpe de chine. Pleated crêpe de chine skirts, with blouse jumpers of fancy wool, are £2 7s. All the accessories have been submitted to drastic reductions.

Things That Please.

There is something for everybody at particularly pleasant prices at Harvey Nichols (Knightsbridge, S.W.) summer sale; even a casual glance through the catalogue will convince the most sceptical of this fact. There is a collection of dresses in jersey fabrics for 63s., original price 5½ to 6½ guineas. Again, there are country coats in Saxony suitings for

summer sale; the catalogue is ready and will be sent on application. All the model gowns, wraps, and hats have had their prices reduced by half, and in the ready-to-wear departments the prices have been literally slaughtered. There are holiday coats and skirts in bird's-eye Saxony tweed for £4 10s. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Princess slips in reliable crêpe de chine for 20s., usual price 29s. 6d., and petticoats in good quality locknit suitable for hard wear for 11s. 9d.

No Catalogue.

No catalogue is issued in connection with Liberty's (Regent Street) sale, which begins on Monday, July 4. Among the many attractions are the model hats at half price, and there is an infinite variety of holiday and garden hats that have had their prices literally slaughtered. There are a quantity of dress lengths of British floral cottons in exclusive Liberty designs from 5s. each. Exceptional value is to be found in the Persian rugs and furnishing fabrics.

A Quality Sale.

No one must miss Wooland's (Knightsbridge, S.W.) quality sale; it is in progress, and the catalogue will be sent gratis and post free; remnant days are every Thursday. Among the outstanding attractions are the dance frocks of silk georgette mounted on silk, they are £5 18s. 6d., and there are useful lace afternoon gowns on satin foundations for 98s. 6d. Much to be desired are the coats for holiday and sports wear; they are made of beige and brown mohair and wool in three medium sizes and are 65s. 9d.

An Organic Reconstruction.

The advent of the W 5 Brand Tablets has aroused great interest, and wherever women congregate the excellence of the work they do is discussed. They produce an organic reconstruction of the skin. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that no formation of fat need be feared, because the skin alone is influenced; it is a discovery of Dr. J. F. Kapp, a skin specialist, of great repute in the scientific world. He declares that these tablets,

taken regularly, restore the blood to the cutaneous tissues so that the skin of the whole body is regenerated. New cells are formed, old ones are cast off, and the skin becomes as clear and beautiful as it was in youth. All interested in the subject must write to the Gelty Distributing Company, 158, Oxford Street, for a free copy of an instructive booklet.



A FASHIONABLE STOLE AND FUR COAT

The former is of silver fox, and the latter of natural western musquash. They are included in Percy Vickery's (235, Regent Street) summer sale, which is now in progress

69s. 6d., and morning or holiday frocks of fadeless Duro for 29s. 6d.; smart taffeta coattees, with puff sleeves, are the same price.

Unprecedented Reductions.

Unprecedented reductions have been made in the prices of everything at Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street)



"CATHERINE"
—Pure Wool
Jumper Suit in
two-colour Bird's-
eye Pattern. Any
combination of
colours.

THIS IS SPORTS CHIC

Without making heavy demands of exiguous purses, "Pesco" Jumpers and Jumper Suits represent the élite of sportswear. Here is a Suit which can be worn with pride on every occasion which calls for something smart and distinctive in Woollies.

SCOTTISH
Pesco
SPORTSWEAR

Obtainable from all high class Outfitters. In case of difficulty write for brochure of current Pesco models, and names of nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 27), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Also "Pesco" Underwear, Bathing Suits and Hose.

JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET. LONDON, W.1



**JAY'S
SALE
NOW PROCEEDING**

A typical Bargain:

AFTERNOON or EVENING
ENSEMBLE (as sketch)
comprising sleeveless Frock
with collarless Coatee in
printed Chiffon over crêpe-de-
chine slip. In a selection of
exquisite patterns on either
light or dark ground.

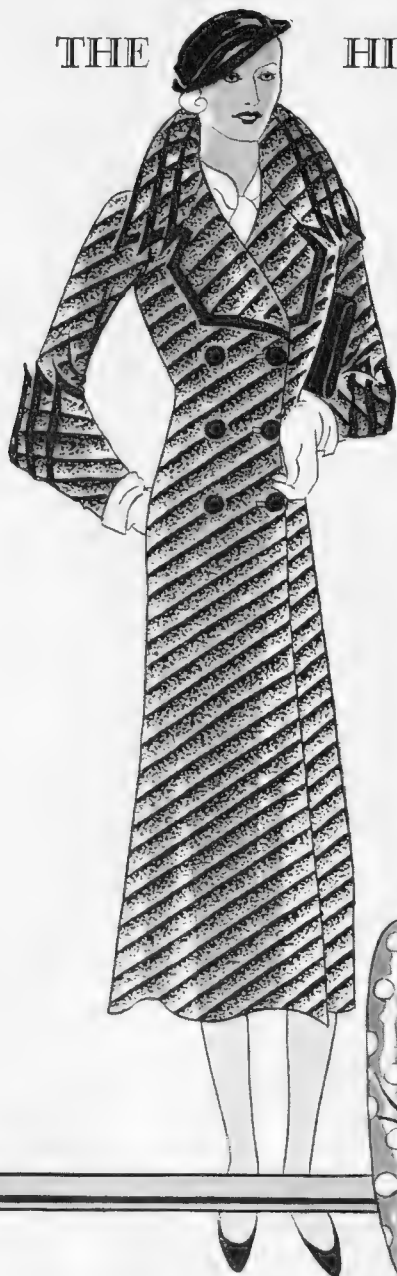
Usual Price - 8½ Gns.

SALE
PRICE - 6½ Gns.

READY-TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT No. 17
SECOND FLOOR.

JAY'S
Established nearly a century. Ltd
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION— continued



There is something about a Zaramac waterproof that places it on a plane apart—it has individuality; the coats pictured on the left and right of this page bear that name. The former is of grey silk with a shadow stripe trimmed with black; it will be noticed that the last word in collars and cuffs is represented. The model on the right is of silk; it is of an elusive shade of chestnut relieved with apricot. These models are also available in crêpe de chine in many colour schemes and are absolutely waterproof



Particularly reasonable in price are these holiday frocks from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. The pinafore model on the left is expressed in natural shantung, and the blouse may be blue, red, or lemon strewn with spots; of it one may become the possessor for £3 3s. Artificial silk piqué makes the sleeveless frock on the right, and with its spotted cardigan coat is 29s. 6d. There are matrons' frocks of artificial striped piqué for £2 2s., while those of shantung with all over patterns and 46 in. hips are 39s.

The newest ideas in gloves are ever to be seen at Peter Robinson's; they are now making a feature of hand-made lace gloves in Irish designs with long and short gauntlets; they are extremely decorative and ever so cool for summer wear. Then there are the long suède gauntlet gloves; they are cleverly stitched, the colours being in complete harmony with those in a lizard-skin bag. Again there are white gloves with black and white palm leaf panels forming the gauntlets. And, of course, everyone must see the demonstration of Yo-Yo—it is most amusing

E. & F. Tilton

'Brush the Waves into your Hair'

says The Manager of Barkers Hairdressing Dept.



"... and the wave will undoubtedly last longer. Brushing encourages the elasticity of the hair—so that when you use the pneumatic-cushion brush—a MASON PEARSON with its real Black Boar Bristles—the bristles sweep through the hair and it springs back into the deep curves of the wave.

"Brushing increases vitality, and our work here is always more effectual where a customer keeps her hair in fine healthy condition, by a regular good brushing, NIGHT and MORNING. Ladies are coming back to the habit... and a week's good work with a MASON PEARSON such as we advise here—shows that we hairdressers are right."

● ● ● You cannot buy any other Hairbrush "like" a Mason Pearson. The original pneumatic cushioned brush, it is always in advance with improvements—and is a high-class brush in every detail. Its tufts of genuine stiff wild-boar bristles are "spired" in a patented formation to brush right through to the scalp. Whichever brush you choose in the Mason Pearson range (3/6 to 18/6) you get the finest Hairbrush value obtainable.



Sold by
all Chemists
& Hairdressers

FAVOURITE MODELS 10/6 to 18/6 . . . CHEAPER STYLES from 3/6

royals

STAMP COLLECTORS
make a specialty
of Rare British
Colonial Stamps.
Selections sent on approval.
T. ALLEN
5, Blake Hall Rd., Wanstead, London, E.11

Edmonds Orr & Co.,
LIMITED,
3/5, DUKE STREET
MANCHESTER SQ., W.1

Ladies' and Children's Outfitters
SALE Commences JULY 4th
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

HAIRS Can you look your best or
feel your best, with a growth
of Hair?
Consult **Helen Lawrence**
and get expert advice for your superfluous Hair.
Not a Depilatory. Not Electrolysis.
'Phone: Call or write for Home Treatment 12/6
Western 4518 Personal Treatment.....10/6
Postage abroad 2/6 Trial size 2/-
Hours 10 to 5 81, EARL'S COURT ROAD,
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Wanted SONG POEMS CAN YOU WRITE
WORDS FOR SONGS?
Publishers of many Broadcast
and Recorded Hits invite known
and unknown Authors and Composers
to submit song-poems, songs and musical com-
positions for immediate publication. Send MSS.
PETER DEREK LTD., Music Publishers,
T. 108, Charing X Rd., LONDON, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING

FINE GEM RINGS



WHEN choosing a ring, no matter for what the occasion, allow The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company to help you. You will thus be assured of the finest selection in London, and the one that offers the best in quality, workmanship and value. To those unable to call, an illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent upon application.

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(Corner of Glasshouse Street) No other address

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

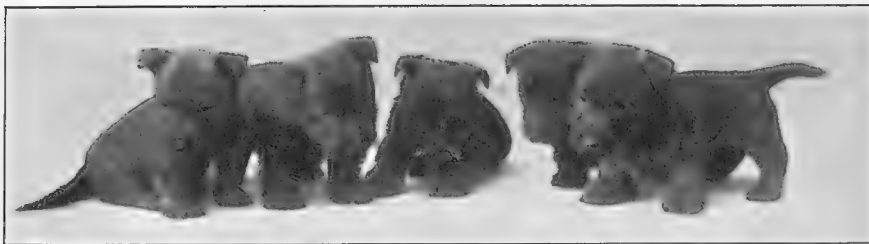
The question of the nervous dog is always an interesting one, as it entirely depends on what causes the "nerves." People, as well as dogs, with superior brain development are often nervous, and the nervous dog may be a highly-strung one of superior intelligence. The ordinary stolid, unimaginative man or woman dismisses the highly-strung dog as a "useless brute," and plods on with his stolid, ordinary dog quite contented, and neither of them likely or anxious to rise to any great heights. The same "useless brute" has frequently made good in understanding hands. The classic example is, of course, the famous Labrador, Dual Champion Banchory Bolo, who was given away as utterly useless, and in the hands of an understanding and sympathetic mistress attained to the highest honours possible in the field and on the bench; also he has transmitted his qualities to his descendants. So no dog should be dismissed as useless without trying to find out the reason of his uselessness.

The many admirers of the Irish wolfhound must rejoice at his return to favour. He has so much to recommend him; he is magnificent to look at and has a character which goes with his appearance—gentle, dignified, and though specially devoted to one person, fond of all those he knows.

Also when full grown he requires little care and does not eat more than any average dog; he can also curl up in a wonderfully small space. He makes an ideal companion. Miss Dawson has a select kennel of these splendid dogs, and sends a snapshot of one she has for sale; he is fifteen months old and took two reserves at our late Show the first



IRISH WOLFHOUND
The property of Miss Dawson



SCOTTISH TERRIER PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Madden

time shown. Miss Dawson says: "He is a typical hound, sound, with good shoulders and head, most affectionate, and altogether a nice dog."

The Scottish terrier has "character" written all over him. Those who know him well give him whole-hearted allegiance and do not really care for any other dog. His sturdy, independent appearance and manner make him very attractive. On the show bench, in spite of the vagaries of

fashion, and may I say of hair-dressing, he still holds his own. Mrs. Madden has a well-known kennel of Scotties; she sends a picture of some attractive youngsters, some of whom are for sale. She says: "These puppies have wonderful heads and bone and look like making winners; they are bred second to none. Dogs from my kennels have been winning at the shows since last March." In "Pedigree Dogs" Mr. McCandlish writes: "Though every dog differs in character, a wise chooser can find in a Scottish terrier the perfect house dog." You could not have a higher authority or greater praise.

Many people find it more convenient to have a dog which is already house-trained; very busy people or those who live in towns have not the time or opportunity to train a dog. To them Mrs. Bosanquet's fox terrier will appeal, as he is already house-trained, one year old, and a good-looking dog, as his picture shows.

Miss Brodrick, whose Labradors are so well known to us, wishes to highly recommend a kennel maid who has been with her some time and now wishes to go to a terrier kennel and learn the care and stripping of terriers. Miss Brodrick can recommend her in every way.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FOX TERRIER
The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

Master CAN'T makes a duck



Really you know, that little Can't boy seems *born* for trouble. It isn't only that he's bottom of his class—but now he's gone and let his side down by getting out first ball. And all because that mother of his has never looked after him properly—never insisted on one simple rule of health. Anyone with half an eye can see that the child is poisoned. It's a shame!



Nobody—young or old—can possibly get the most out of life while sleepy intestines are poisoning the bloodstream. And nobody can make certain of avoiding this condition—without giving Nature a little daily help. That is what Eno does. And it has no substitute. For over sixty years its gentle cleansing and purifying action has been turning Can't into Can.



• The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks • 1/6 (double quantity) 2/6, in Great Britain and Northern Ireland

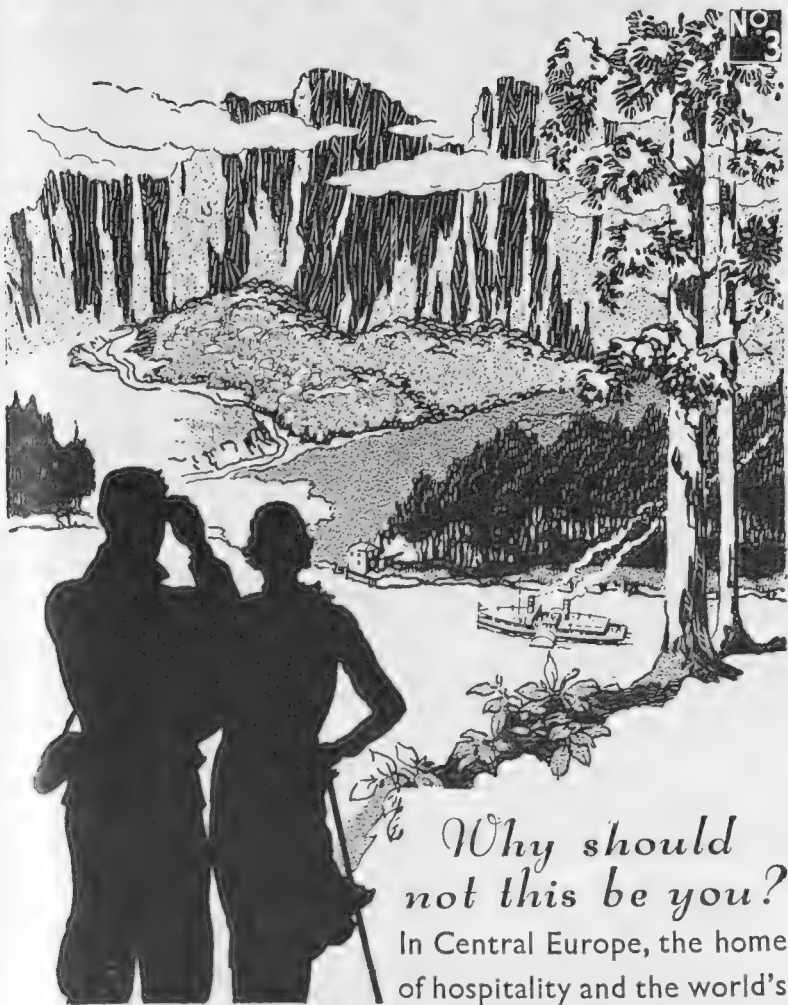
Master CAN hits a boundary



And goodness gracious, if that isn't young Can hitting another six. Well played, sir! That boy will go far. And do you know why? Ever since he was quite a toddler, his mother has seen to it that he never misses his Eno. She knows how ridiculous it is to bother about grubby hands and face—and do nothing about keeping clean inside. And what's the result? Well—just look at him!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS



*Why should
not this be you?*

In Central Europe, the home
of hospitality and the world's

music centre...Wagner's Bayreuth...Vienna...Salzburg...
then by way of the mountains of the famous Dolomites,
perhaps Venice on the way...back through the Black Forest
...old Heidelberg and the Badens...so home by one of the

13 Continental Routes

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NEWHAVEN - - DIEPPE	HARWICH - - ESBJERG
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GWR INERMS and SR



An Atlantic Giant

**to take you on a new
and vivid Holiday!**

Every day brings fresh distractions when you are cruising in HOMERIC, the world's largest twin-screw liner. Besides the tireless charm of Mediterranean sea and sunshine, there are the talkie cinema, dance band, library, gym., electric baths, writing, reading and card rooms. Wide deck spaces, long unhampered promenades, spacious apartments, expert service and cuisine—in these, as in all other respects, HOMERIC is one of the finest cruising ships afloat. Now, what date will suit you best for your summer holiday—July 14? If you can't manage this, there are five later cruises also.

R.M.S.

HOMERIC

The world's largest twin-screw steamer (34,351 tons) to the
MEDITERRANEAN

JULY 14.

SEPT. 3. | AUG. 17.

OCT. 8. | SEPT. 21.

OCT. 26.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON

14 DAYS FROM £21.0.0

ONE CLASS ONLY—1st CLASS

**NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED ON ANY OF
THE ABOVE CRUISES**

WHITE STAR

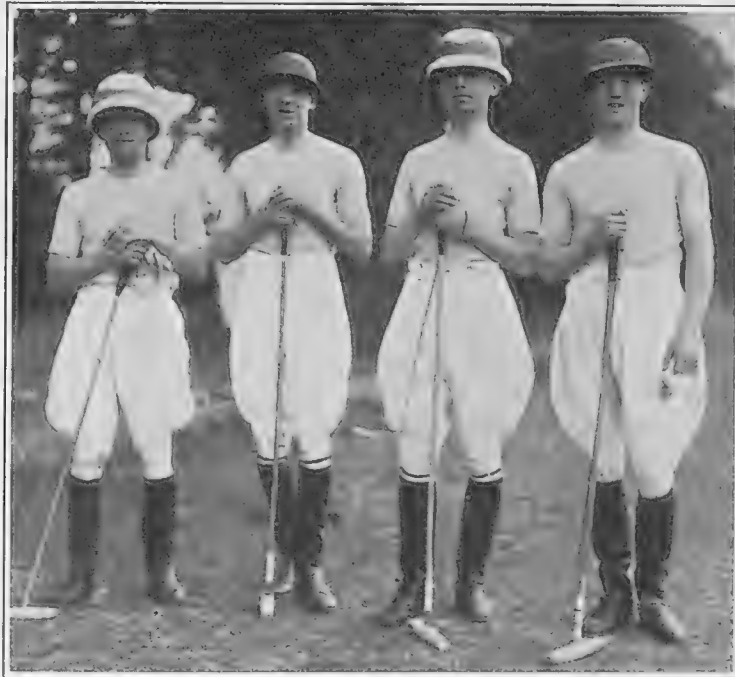
For complete programme of week-end, 8 and 12 day
cruises, from £1 per day from Liverpool and Southamp-
ton, apply White Star Offices or Local Agents.

Polo Notes—continued from p. 550

The Greys are well-mounted and, although the Gunners have some good ponies with plenty of pace, one or two look to me to be a bit on the small side. If anything beats them it is going to be ponies, for as to the other side of it I think they are a real good show both individually and as a team. Their combination is first-class and there are not many tricks in this trade they do not know.

* * *

Mr. Kennedy, the one subaltern in the side, fits well behind a real, hard-thrusting No. 1. Captain B. J. Fowler, a nephew of the late Master of the Meath, Captain Harry Fowler, whom I was glad to meet again and find looking so well. Sir John Fowler, who was with his brother officer, Edwardes, captured by the "Paythan" in the Chitral Show of 1895, is also an uncle. They have a good No. 3 in Captain H. G. Morrison (their original), and Captain J. C. Campbell we know of yore. They will need a pretty strong line of defence to tackle The Bays' forwards if it is to be that team they meet in the final, and I should say that on a rough reckoning The Bays were more formidable in the front end than are The Greys. The Bays' No. 1 and No. 2 (Captain Draffen and Captain Barclay) are both saturated with the right cavalry spirit of attack, and are mounted on the fast type of steed necessary to carry this out, and they are bound to be proper hornets in the ear of anyone who has to try to stop them. I think this is where the danger spot is in the event of an R.A. v. Bays final. Last year The Bays beat the R.A. 5 to 2 in the final, and the two teams were



THE ORDINARY SEAMEN'S TEAM

Being actually the Royal Navy team which went for the Inter-Regimental, and is now in action in various other shows, Roehampton and elsewhere. The names, left to right, are: Lieut.-Commander W. A. C. Binnie, Commander E. P. Vivian, Lieut.-Commander A. V. S. Yates, and Commander C. E. Lambie

very much the same as they are this year. The Gunners missed the target upon at least three occasions when a bull's-eye looked a certainty. On the general run of the battle last year there was not much in it, but that The Bays were by far the steadier and adhered steadfastly to the orthodox battle formation of two forwards and two backs. The Gunner team, on the other hand, rather favoured letting their back slip and their No. 3 do his job. Mr. Mews, last year's back, was more often than not off on a raid, and Captain Campbell, the No. 3, was the virtual back. This year Captain Campbell is the actual back, and as has already been said he has a right good man just in front of him, Captain Morrison. The Bays have been tuning themselves up against Merchiston (rec. 4½), whom they beat 10 to 6, and against The Cavaliers (rec. 1½), whom they beat 8 to 3½. They look to me to be very dangerous no matter how good The Greys are.

* * *

The results of the Roehampton Open Challenge Cup in which The Panthers beat Someries House 9 to 5, and the Sanford Cup, in which Osmaston beat the Cavaliers (rec. 6) 10 to 9, do not materially influence the possible result of the Championship, for Someries House were without Mr. H. P. Guinness, who was wanted for his Regimental side at Tidworth, Mr. P. W. Dollar, 4th Hussars, substituting, and Osmaston did no more than such a good side could be expected to do. I think it does make the Osmaston chance of a win a bit rosier, and that Someries House or any other team will have to go like scalded cats to beat them. About this Championship, however, there is still a bit of time to talk more in detail.

Golden moments with **PLAYER'S**

Withdrawn from the
world of affairs...
within the quiet of
one's own thoughts
—PLAYER'S make very
pleasant company.



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100'S BOXES 4'8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6d



"B-BUT MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY GOOD!"

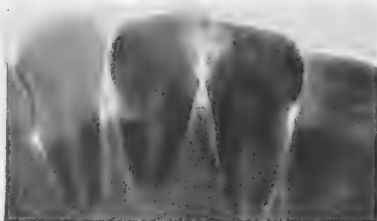
"Nevertheless, this X-ray photo proves what I feared," said the doctor.
"They're poisoning your system. You must have them out at once!"

MOST people believe that tooth-ache, visible decay, bleeding gums are the sole signals of dental troubles. They do not know that, often, these warnings are absent; that only X-rays can, with certainty, detect the destruction of the bony sockets in which the teeth are held. And such destruction may proceed painlessly but relentlessly until the teeth are lost or health ruined.

A number of things cause Pyorrhœa, that unpleasant and dangerous disease contracted by four out of five past forty. Overfeeding, for instance, and unbalanced diet; slight injuries, too, or crooked, missing teeth; ill-fitting crowns or bridgework. Generally Pyorrhœa starts with neglect, with an accumulation of tartar at the gum-line.

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check further development. Besides being a fine cleansing agent Forhan's is the best safeguard to health and appearance. At Chemists everywhere.



Radiograph by A. T. K. Moir, qualified Radiographer.

SEE WHAT THE X-RAYS REVEAL!

This X-ray photograph shows apical absorption of the second incisor, and the early stages of Pyorrhœa. There is also slight exostosis.

By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

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WEDDINGS AND

Marrying Abroad.

Early in August Mr. Jack Gronow Davis, 3/14th Punjab Regiment, is marrying Miss Alix Blood, the daughter of Mr. A. F. Blood, K.C., and Mrs. Blood of 49, Leeson Park, Dublin, and the wedding is to take place in Kashmir.

Next Month.

Mr. William Joseph Peter Maxwell Stuart and Miss Ruth Patricia Craven Sykes are being married on July 7 at St. James's Church, Spanish Place; on the 13th Mr. John Francis Oliver, Nigerian Administrative Service, marries Miss Marjorie Cranstoun Rainsford at Bengoe Parish Church, Hertford; the 15th is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Dermot Findlater and Miss Doris de Courcy-Wheeler, which is to be at Kilmeague Church, Co. Kildare; and on the 23rd Captain G. H. C. Pennycook, M.B.E., the 22nd Cheshire Regiment, and Miss Jocelyne Bridson Anley are being married at Totland Bay.

An August Wedding.

On August 3 Mr. Rupert P. Kilkelly, Poona Horse, Indian Army, the son of Lieut.-Colonel P. P. Kilkelly, I.M.S., and Mrs. Kilkelly of 7, Cadogan Court, S.W., and Miss Joy Mitchell,



Bertram Park

MISS BETHA PELLATT

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pellatt of Durnford, Langton Matravers, Dorset, who is engaged to Mr. J. M. C. Clayton, the only son of the Rev. John and Mrs. Clayton of Bishop's House, Malta



Hay Wrightson

MISS IRENE HEWITT

The elder daughter of Captain J. Roland Hewitt, M.C., and Mrs. Roland Hewitt of Foxhall, Ipswich, who is to marry Mr. T. F. Michael Levett, the elder son of Major Berkeley Levett, C.V.O., and Mrs. Berkeley Levett of Cottingham, Sidmouth

the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mitchell of Thurlaston Grange, Dunchurch, Warwickshire, are being married at Spanish Place.

Recent Engagements.

Commander Charles Dalrymple Moore, R.N., the son of the late Admiral C. H. H.

ENGAGEMENTS

Moore and of Mrs. Moore of Eastbourne, and Miss Phyllis Mary Whalley, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. Whalley of Liverpool; Mr. Robert Edward Hope-Falkner, the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. Hope-Falkner of Malta, and Miss Gladys Dunster, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunster of Sanderstead, Surrey; Mr. Edward Christopher William Tuke, the youngest son of Mr. Samuel Tuke of Colwell, Honiton, Devon, and Miss Comayne Harrison, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert English Harrison of Gosmore, Hitchin, Hertfordshire; Major F. T. Stephens, O.B.E., M.C., Chief Commissioner of Police, Nyasaland, the youngest son of the late Major E. Barrington

Stephens, R.M.L.I., and Mrs. Barrington Stephens of Flushing, Cornwall, and Miss Cora Monica Dathan, the only daughter of Commander and Mrs. J. H. Dathan of Falmouth; Mr. John Neville Turner North, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. North of Keythorpe Hall, Leicester, and Miss Evadne Ollis, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ollis of Burton-on-Trent; Mr. Andrew Farrant of Roskrow, Penryn, Cornwall, and Miss Winifred Mary Fox, the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Croker Fox of Tregenver, Falmouth.

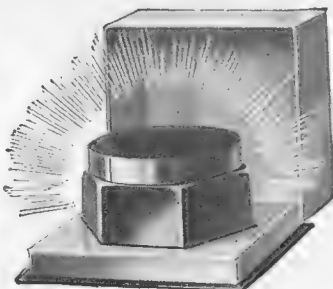


Hay Wrightson

MISS MARY TYLDEN-PATTENSON

Whose marriage to Mr. William Roger Sanford Hodgson takes place on July 7 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Tylden-Pattenson of Telham Place, Crowhurst, Sussex

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The last eight in "Britannia and Eve's" Scottish Foursomes, played this year at Cruden Bay. Right to left in front—Lady Alness and Miss Leetham (winners), Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar (runners-up); behind—Lady Eddis and Mrs. Evers, Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp

WHAT on earth are Scotland going to do about it? "Britannia and Eve's" Scottish Foursomes, the grand repulsing ground of all Sassenachs (excepting only Lady Alness and Miss Leetham in 1930), have not only gone to that same couple again, but the land of the mountain and the flood only managed



Mrs. Barbour and Miss Nan Bird (left) were a fancied pair for the Scottish Foursomes, but Mrs. Ian Bowhill and Miss Nimmo (right) determined otherwise for them on the last green

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

to get one pair into the prize list, the runners-up Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Sophie Millar. Derbyshire supplied one lot of semi-finalists in Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell, Suffolk and Oxfordshire, the other in Lady Eddis and Mrs. Evers. All very distressing for patriotic Scots, and small wonder that Mrs. Dunlop Hill in her most charming little prize-giving speech vowed terrific vengeance on all invaders next year.

Perhaps there was not enough of the mountain and the flood about for the Scotties. There are no real hills to be seen from Cruden Bay, only the brae up which Jacob's exhausting Ladder takes you to the 10th tee and, for flood, we had instead five days of blazing sun and a lovely biting breeze with the result that the course was baked to the colour of sand. The green staff were up with the lark, or before it, watering greens, but nothing could cope with the fairways whereon highly burnished nails skidded from one sallow blade of grass to another and the rubber core leapt wildly to destruction.

However, nobody grumbled at the weather; they were almost willing to miss putts for the pleasure of basking in the sun, of having such a glorious blue sea to look at, and silver sand to tread on if the worst happened and

they sliced away out on to the shore at the 13th. Really the weather was ideal, whether you were struggling in the foursomes or with a card in the N.P.F.A. competition, or merely lounging on a sandhill watching other people miss putts, in a bathing suit nearer the waves, or on top of the cliffs by the Bullers of Buchan spying on the domestic bliss of puffins and kittiwakes and razorbills in the long, light northern evenings. (Birds, not only birdies, were quite a fashionable cult at Cruden this year.)

There were plenty of excitements on the course itself, for the result of the

(Continued on p. xiv)

**"Love!
you've
reached
the green!"**



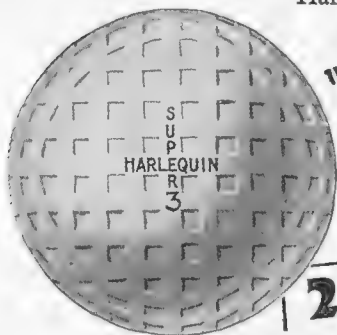
"... Two-seventy-five if it's a yard! Been taking monkey gland?"

"No—just taking a friend's tip for extra length. Seems to be working, too. I've never reached that green before."

"And what does your friend charge for his sorcery?"

"Nothing. He just told me to try a special new ball—the Harlequin "Red Spot." Said it would add yards to my long shots. And you see the result—the distance I'm getting now is amazing."

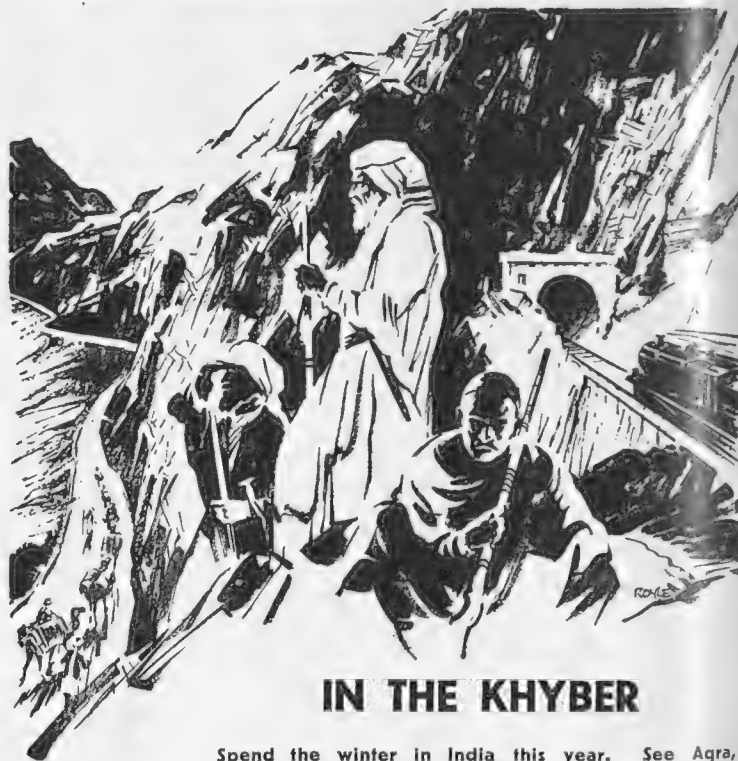
"I see I shall have to do the same to compete with you. Harlequin "Red Spot" did you say?"



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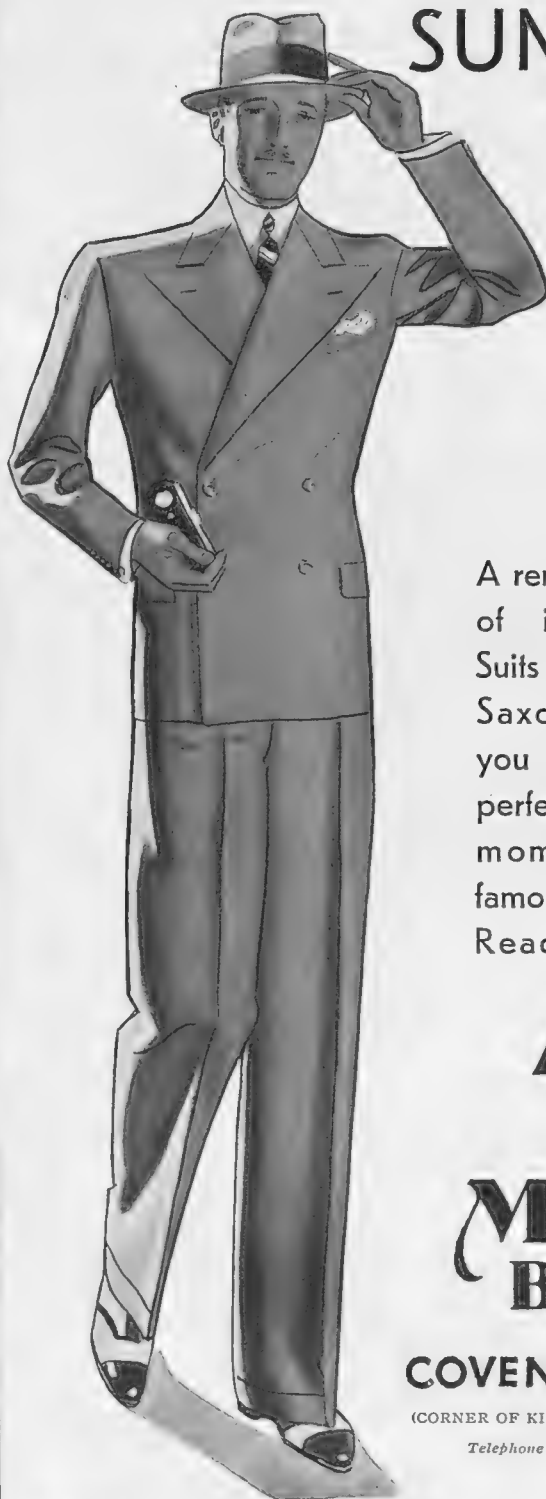
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Eve at Golf—continued from p. xii

first match out on the very first morning came as a surprise. Miss Nan Baird and Mrs. Barbour were reckoned an extremely hot pair, but out they went on the last green to Miss Nimmo and Mrs. Bowhill, who were in due course extremely firmly dismissed by Miss Purvis Russell Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker, the holders. Mrs. Coats and Mrs. Latta were another fancied couple who joined the ranks of the dear departed that sunny day, after a great struggle with Lady Eddis and Mrs. Evers, so were Miss Maitland and Miss Tate, winners in 1927, so, greatest fall of all, were Miss Jean McCulloch and Mrs. F. G. Neilson. The very bank of the burn gave way in horror under their feet when things appeared hopeless, and the waters thereof (and the mud) did their best to hide Mrs. Neilson from a sorrowing and sympathetic crowd. Yet it was the eventual winners who beat them, and there was some consolation in that.

Next day—sunnier and sunnier. Chief morning excitement—the majority of executioners were quick and cruel to the tune of 7 and 6—was a 19th-hole match in which Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Mrs. Dunsmuir went out to Mrs. Farquharson and her niece, Miss Nan Scott. Miss Scott is a Scottish International at hockey and lacrosse, and perhaps some day will concentrate enough on the third game to make it a triple tartan (if that would be its correct description); at present she has not quite reached such high rank at the Royal and ancient game, and that very afternoon Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell disposed of aunt and niece by 2 and 1.

Two matches went on at just the time of day when tea—and Cruden is a furiously hungry place—was calling. First of all Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker got home on the 19th from Mrs. Peterkin and Mrs. Donald Davidson, who might quite well have won the Girls' Championship when she was Miss Betty Inglis, and did win the Scottish five years ago. Then Lady Alness and Miss Leatham, escaping

by the skin of their teeth from Mrs. T. W. L. Brown's wonderful putting and the grand courage of Miss F. J. Morrison, gave a stroke at the 19th and won at the 20th, an amazingly stout performance on both sides.

Last eight for the next morning, visions of cups, leather zip grips (see how American influence is penetrating) or waterproof ditto danced before the eye in brilliant sun. What nobody knew was that "Britannia and Eve" had planned a little surprise to celebrate the last Scottish foursomes before handing over the management thereof to "The Bystander"—"Eve" brooches for everybody beaten beyond the 18th hole; Mrs. Brown and other gallant losers had not fought in vain.

Yet last eight is always a nervous round. Miss Fraser and Mrs. Spencer Muirhead, 7 strokes not-withstanding, went down to Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar; Mrs. Lewtas and Miss Singleton to Lady Alness and Miss Leatham; Miss Couper and Miss Crawford to Miss Hartopp and Miss Newell without showing very desperate fight. Only the holders held on bravely, in spite of the most inspired putting by Lady Eddis and Mrs. Evers, until finally Lady Eddis holed right across the 18th to win. The zips, at least, were theirs by then.

But they could not get going again in the afternoon, and Miss Millar's side beat them 3 and 1, whilst Miss Leatham and Lady Alness went away with such a flying start—4, 3, 4, 2, which is 3 under par for those four holes—that it did the Derbyshire couple infinite credit to take them to the last green.

Then the final. A change of wind, Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar not at their steadiest, Lady Alness chipping and Miss Leatham putting quite beautifully, no strokes either way, and a win 4 and 3 for the English couple with the loss of only one hole all morning.

Congratulations on the Irish Championship have to be sadly compressed. Another ex-Girl became a champion by the events at Ballybunion, for Miss Betty Latchford, who made her mark at Stoke Poges in 1927, is now Irish champion, having beaten Miss Daisy Ferguson 7 and 6 in the 36-hole final.



The new Irish Champion:
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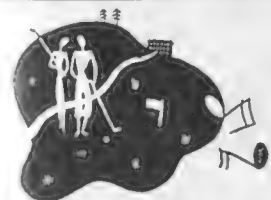
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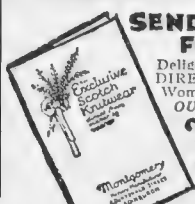
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 576

right car, there is nothing objectionable in a cruising speed of well over 60 m.p.h. Nor did he exhibit any qualms when in the open we exceeded 80 m.p.h. The truth is only the speedometer (which, by the way, is inflexibly accurate) indicates that you are doing anything like this figure, for there is no fuss, nor flurry, nor worry, nor any suggestion of mechanical stress. As my little friend observed, "all these cars we are overtaking seem to be going backwards." Quite naturally at first he was a little "windy," and he even emitted a little cry of dismay when a suicidal cyclist was saved from her grave by those marvellously resolute brakes. This was a demonstration of mechanical obedience, implicit and assured, the like of which he had never seen before. Thenceforward he was quite content that we should go like blazes. But this I did not do, at least I did not consistently keep my foot hard down. For "out of the strong comes forth sweetness," and to dawdle along, wraith-like, at forty or so, was a joy in itself. I don't think you could be a road-hog in the Continental. The pleasure of getting away again from a stoppage, that beautifully compelling pressure in the back (a mile a minute on a dead silent third is quite a commonplace with this car!), and the fact that we can pick up briskly from about 3 m.p.h. on top, all these combine to make it a pleasure to drive like a little gentleman, and at the same time to get full measure from a very certain and dependable liveliness. And there is another point about this inimitably fine car that appeals to me intensely, namely, that for all its completeness and even elaboration it is most positively within the "owner-driver" category. A push on a pedal suffices to ensure that every part of the chassis, from road springs to brake toggles, is adequately lubricated, so that in the ordinary way there is nothing whatever to be done to it beyond the usual liquid replenishments.



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Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and Colonel A. W. Turnbull, M.C., T.D., who commands the 4th Batt. King's Shropshire Light Infantry, T.A. Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby retired in 1921 after being Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth. During the War he commanded the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for the wife of an ex-officer who has not had a holiday for ten years. She is on the verge of a breakdown, for she is really worn out with strain and overwork. She has three young children, the baby under two years. They have all just got over the whooping cough, and the mother has had no one to help her either with the children or housework. Her husband was very badly shell-shocked, and at times he needs great care and treatment. They live on his small pension, but it is almost impossible to make both ends meet, and any financial anxiety and worry at once affect her husband's nerves. Arrangements can be made for the mother to go away for two or three weeks if the Friends of the Poor can raise the necessary £5.

Lady Wavertree has arranged the annual lawn tennis exhibition matches on behalf of charities for invalid children to take place at Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W., on Monday afternoon, July 4. Many well-known star Wimbledon players are taking part. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and the Lady Patricia Ramsay have graciously signified their intention of being present. Tickets from Lady Wavertree, Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park.

The 'Varsity Ball, to be held at the Dorchester on Thursday, July 7, is in aid of St. Mary's Hospital. The proceeds will be given to the endowment of the Lewis Carroll Memorial Ward for Children. A cabaret has been arranged by Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and Ambrose's Blue Lyres will play. The tickets, which are one guinea, include "hot dog" supper, beer, and running buffet, from Miss Clare Elwes, hon. appeal secretary, Lewis Carroll Memorial Fund, the Dorchester, Park Lane, W.

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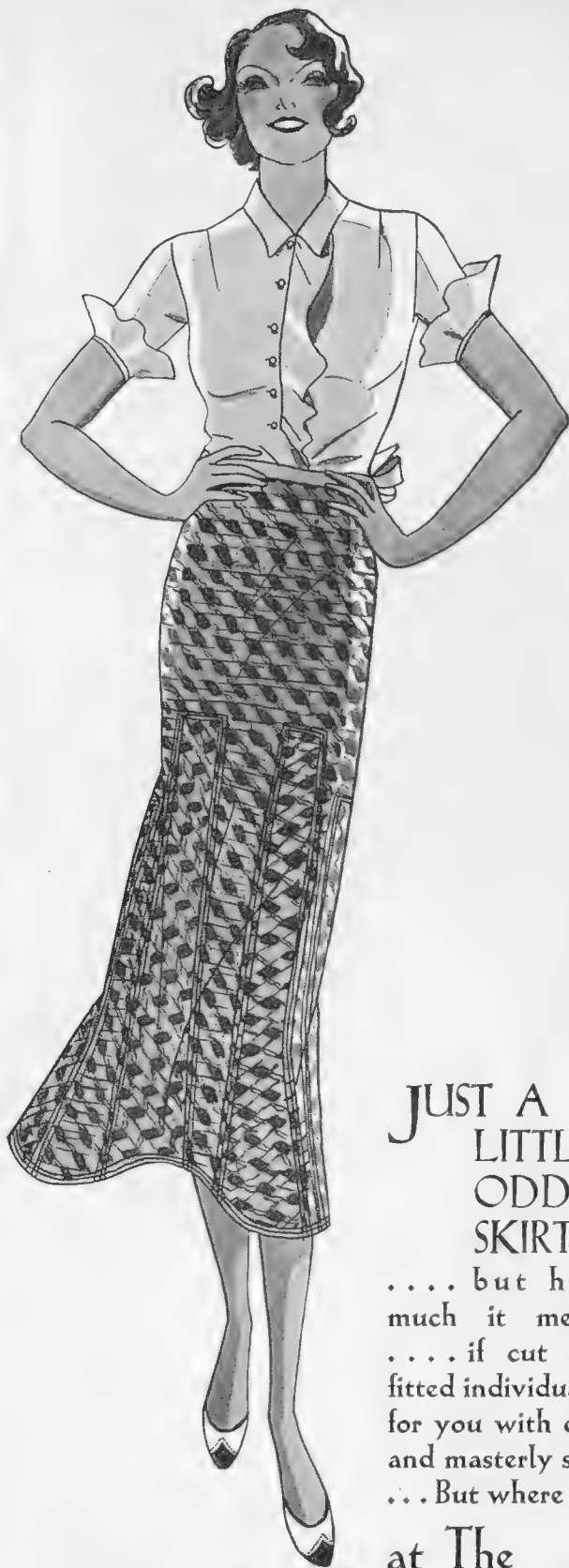
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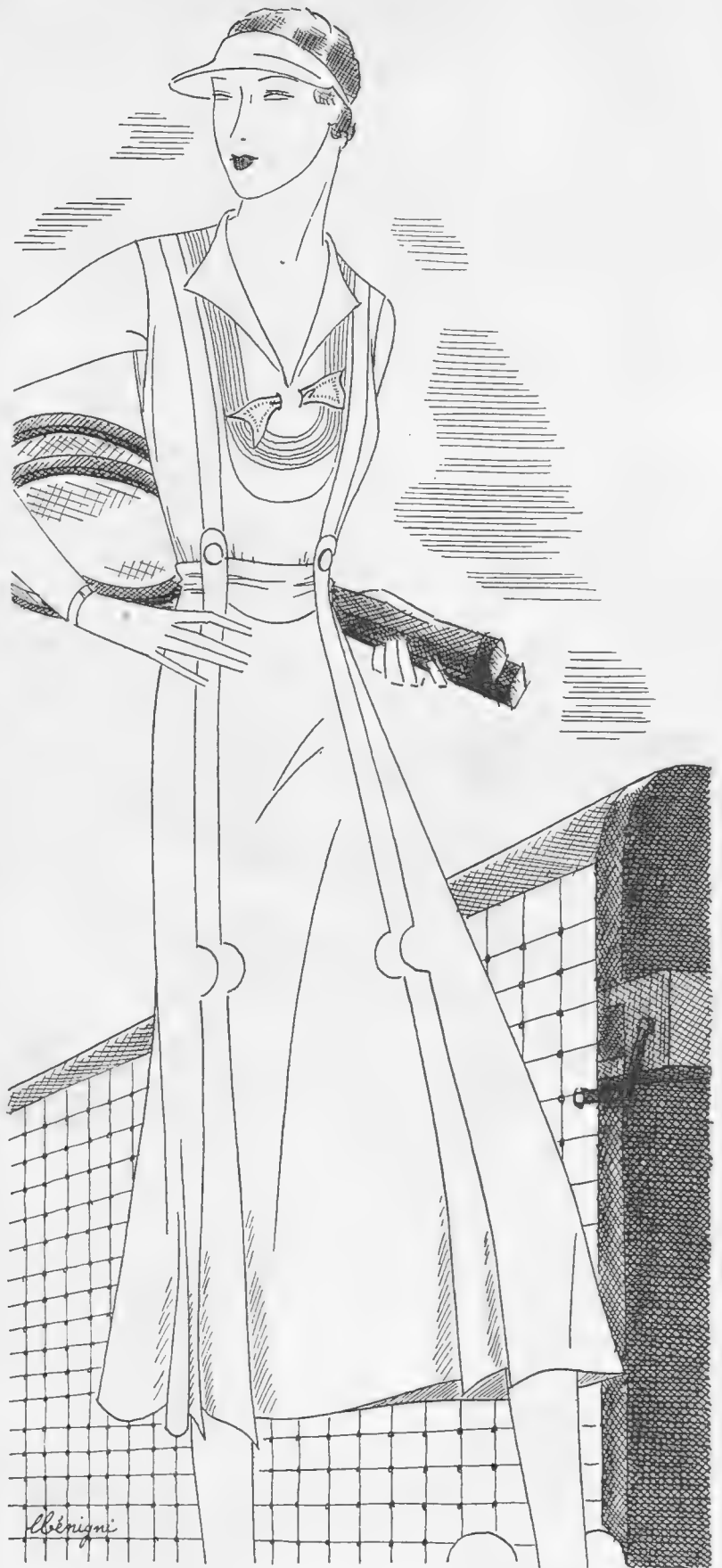
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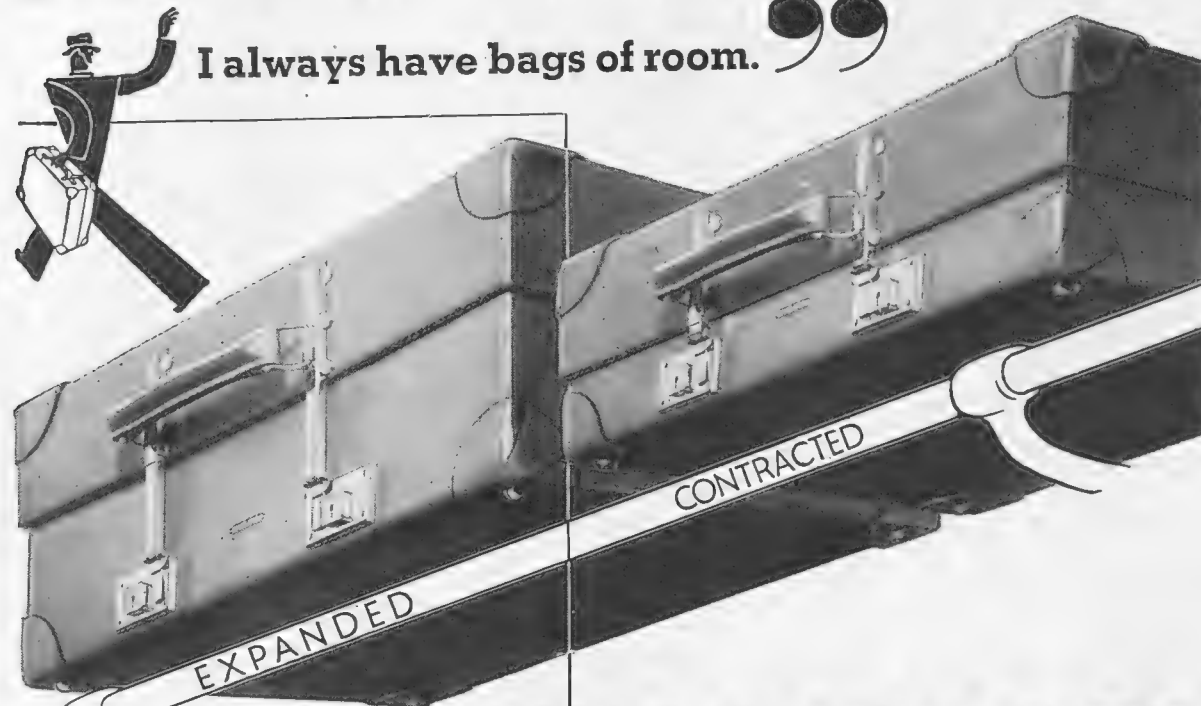
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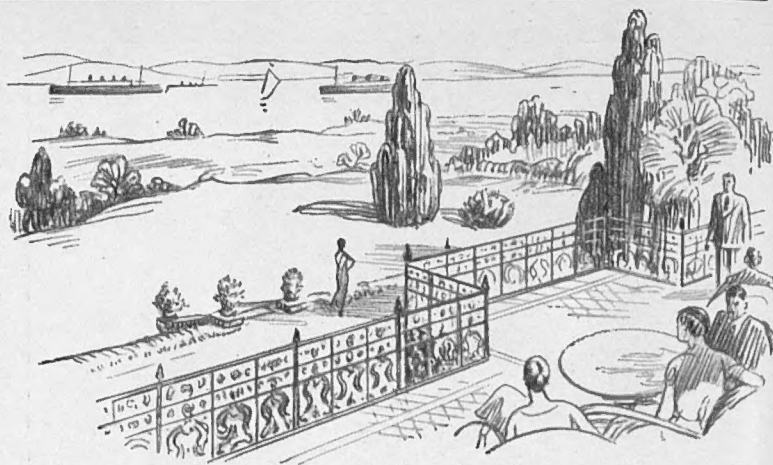
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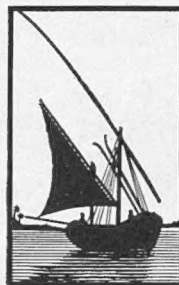
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

For the Good of the Turf

Jan. 1846:—"So sternly is Rous¹ opposed to ye staking of large sums, that he has actually suggested that any man winning over £30,000 on a single race should forfeit his winnings by law. Whereas Payne,² to my knowledge, has stood to win prodigious sums. It is surprising, in view of this wide difference of mind on ye subject of their greatest mutual interest, that they are still ye closest of friends. Rous tells me of his intention of retiring from ye House of Commons. After his five yrs there he has decided that he will devote his whole attention to his duties wth ye Jockey Club. Ye Club should benefit³ much by ye help of such a man as ye Admiral."

1. Admiral Rous, second son of the Earl of Stradbroke. Elected Steward of the Jockey Club in 1838. Member of Parliament from 1841 to 1846.
2. George Payne, whose betting was reckless even by the standards of that time.
3. Admiral Rous is said to have increased the revenue from £3,000 to £18,000 a year.



Lady Angela: "Ah! Enter the navy! It's not often that you find sea-folk playing much part in turf matters, surely?"

Sir Edward: "This Admiral Rous had always been passionately fond of racing. That was probably one of the reasons for his retiring from the navy."

Lady Angela: "And did he do racing the good that appears to have been expected of him?"

Sir Edward: "More good than anyone else in history, I should think, Angela. For years he was the greatest handicapper of his day. He was scrupulously just, and put an end to many scandalous turf practices. His name has lived, of course. They still run the Rous Memorial Stakes, named after him."

Lady Angela: "But the diary says he was strongly opposed to betting. Why do you think that was?"

Sir Edward: "I should say it was because betting itself was so open to fraud and sharp practice in those days. There were no office bookmakers. All betting had to be done in person, and most of it on the course."

Lady Angela: "I don't think I should have liked that. I wonder, Ted—do you think Stuart House would have made Admiral Rous change his mind?"

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2